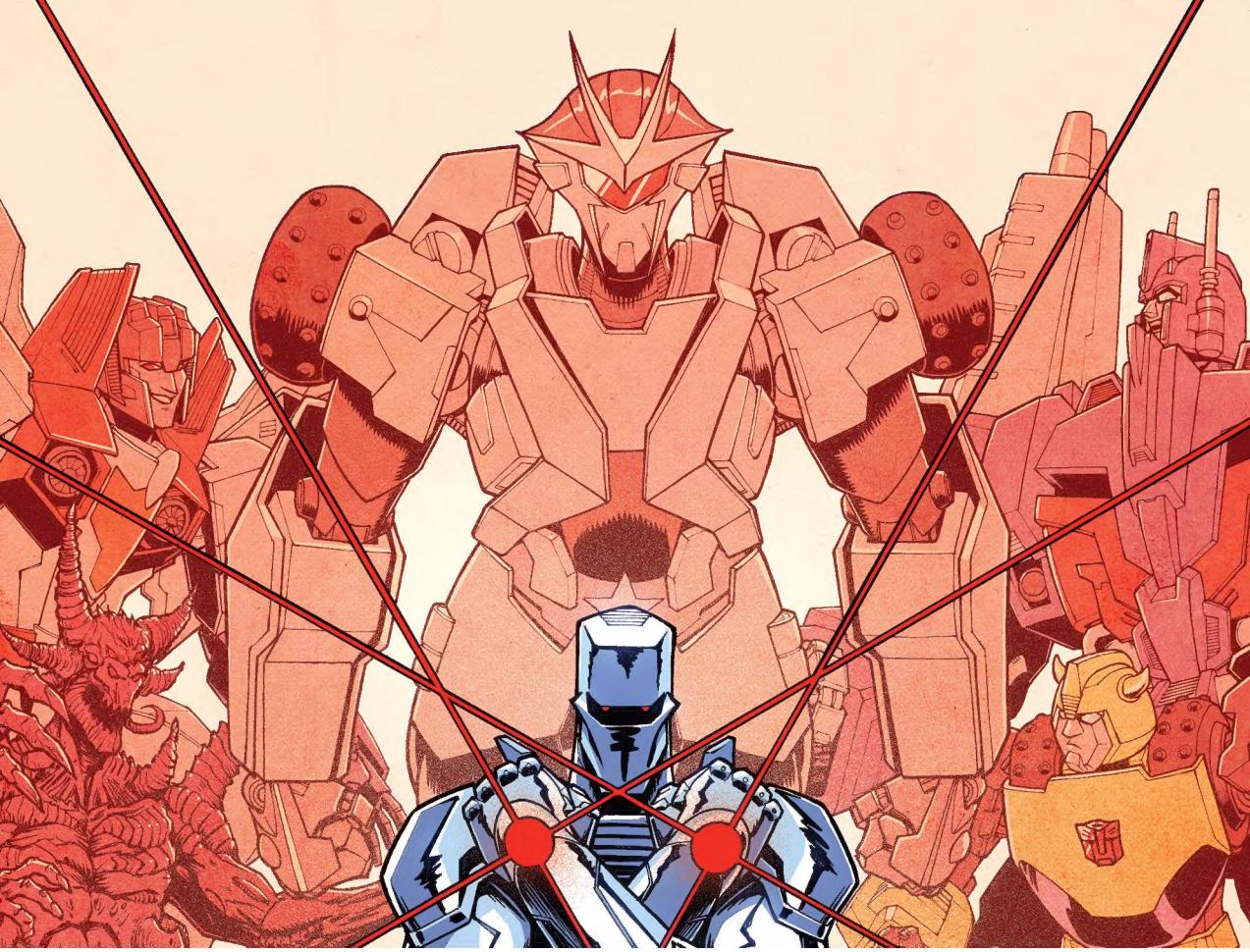


ROM VS. TRANSFORMERS SHINING ARMOR



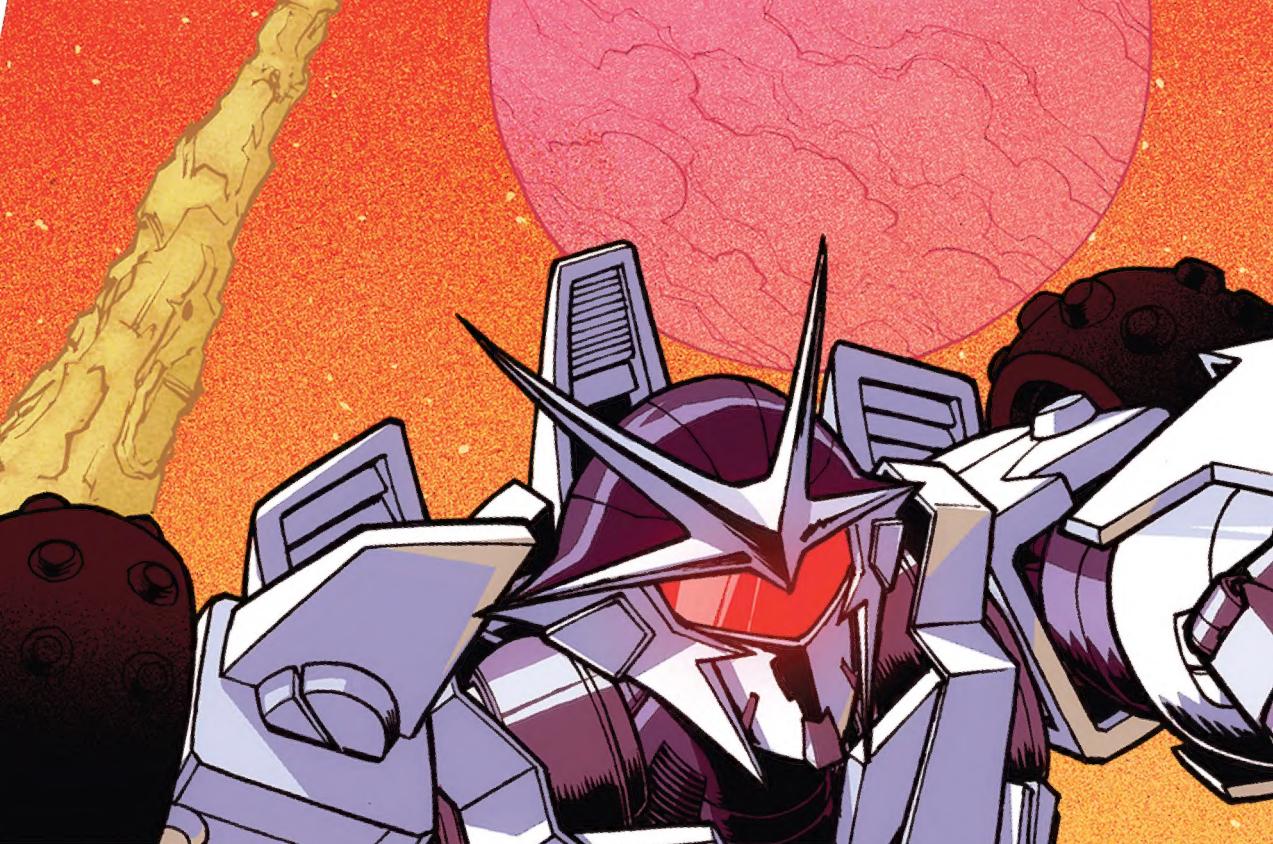
GAGE · BARBER · MILNE





ROM vs. TRANSFORMERS

SHINING ARMOR



ROM VS. TRA

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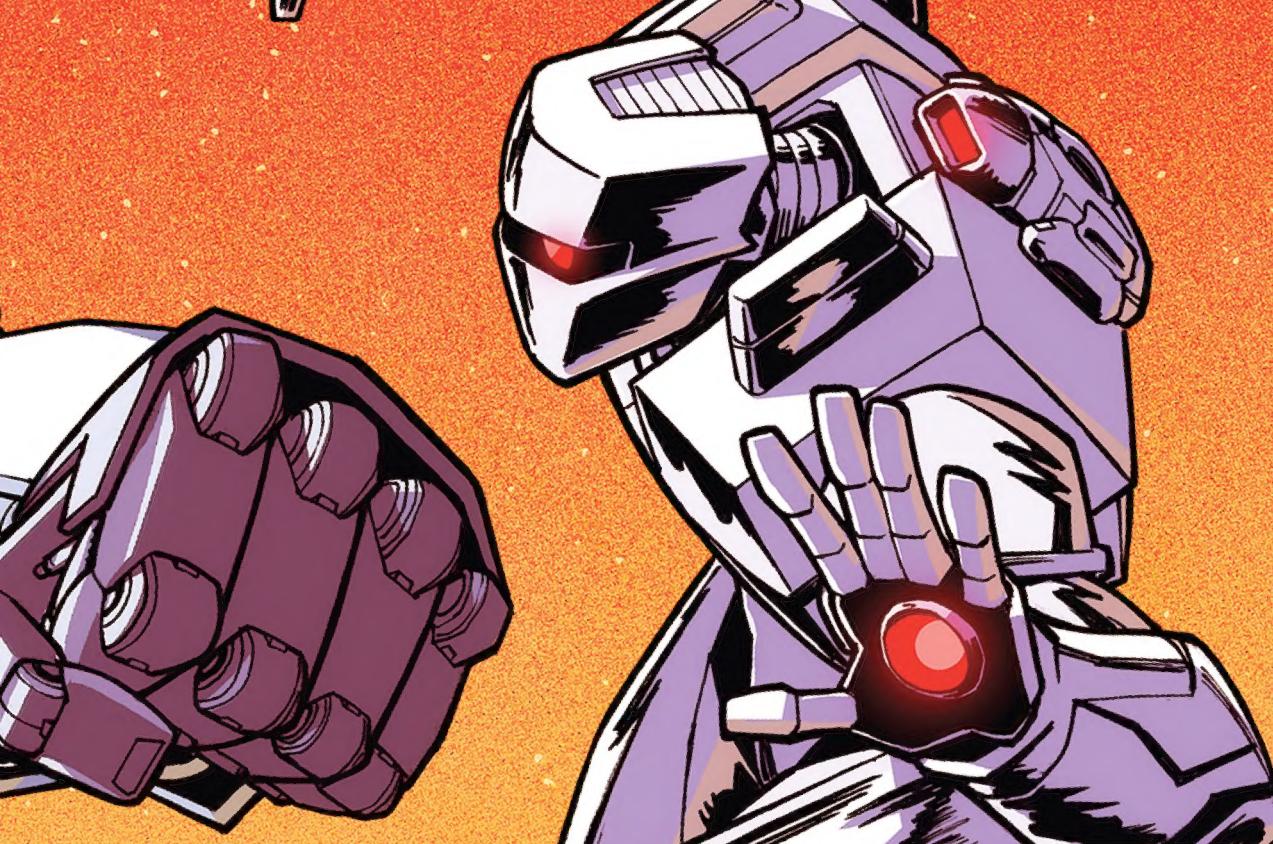
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TRANSFORMERS

SHINING ARMOR

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It was a time of war.

Centuries ago—before the Cybertronian conflict raged across Earth; before Rom arrived on human shores—the galaxy’s farthest reaches served as battleground for two very different struggles.

The Cybertronian Civil War raged between the mechanical life forms known as Autobots and Decepticons—the conflict rendering their planet uninhabitable. The war spread to the stars, where an alliance of biological civilizations—the Galactic Council—stood in opposition.

PREVIOUSLY...

Elsewhere, Knights of the Solstar Order encased themselves in crystalline metallic armor to battle the shapechanging, magic-using Dire Wraiths. The Solstar Order has scored a major victory by destroying the Wraith homeworld—leaving the remnants scrambling for a foothold.

Into this environment, a Cybertronian colony world unwittingly sends a deep-space probe with a very unusual cargo...

_SOLSTAR KNIGHTS



ROM



LIVIA

_DIRE WRAITHS



SATA



STARDRIVE



VEKKTRAL

ROLL CALL

_DECEPTICONS



STARSCREAM



RAMJET



THRUST



BLITZWING



DIRGE



ASTROTRAIN



DOOMWINGS

_AUTOBOTS



ULTRA MAGNUS



BUMBLEBEE



SKY BLAST

01 | ART BY ALEX MILNE _COLORS BY JOSH PEREZ



**THE GRAY AREA.
BETWEEN SOLSTAR ORDER
AND GALACTIC COUNCIL SPACE.**

MAYDAY!
WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK!

SOMEBODY
OUT THERE,
HELP US!

PROXIMITY
WARNING
NOBODY'S
LISTENING.
JUST KEEP
STEADY.

ARE YOU
OUT OF YOUR
NEOCortex?

THOSE
BLASTS ARE
GETTING TOO
CLOSE FOR
"STEADY"!!

WHERE DID YOU
LEARN TO AIM,
HELMAN?

FINISH OFF THE
CYBERTRONIAN
SHIP!

TRYING,
SIR. THEY'RE
SLIPPERY.

OH,
PRIMUS!
WE'RE
GOING
DOWN!

WE CAN
STILL—

EXCELLENT SHOT.
YOUR
MARKSMAN-
SHIP DESERVES
COMMENDA-
TION.

UH, SIR.
THERE'S A
SMALL PROBLEM.

I AM ROM,
THE SPACE
KNIGHT—

—AND I
WITNESSED YOU
SHOOT DOWN
A VESSEL WITHIN
THE SOVEREIGN
TERRITORY OF
THE SOLSTAR
ORDER.

PREPARE TO BE
BOARDED FOR
QUESTIONING.

AND SHUT
DOWN YOUR
WEAPON
SYSTEMS...
FOR YOUR OWN
SAFETY.

THIS REGION IS
GOVERNED BY
THE GALACTIC
COUNCIL.

WE PURSUED A
CYBERTRONIAN
ASSAULT CRAFT,
AS IS OUR
WARRANT.

CYBERTRONIANS?
HERE?

INDEED.

YOU ARE DEALING
WITH FORCES OVER
WHICH YOU HAVE NO
UNDERSTANDING—OR
JURISDICTION.

I HAVE EVERY
RIGHT TO PATROL
OUR BORDER AND
DETERMINE IF YOUR
ACTIONS THREATEN
SOLSTAR
INTERESTS.

WILL YOU
GRANT ME
ENTRANCE TO
YOUR SHIP—OR
SHALL I MAKE
MY OWN
DOOR?

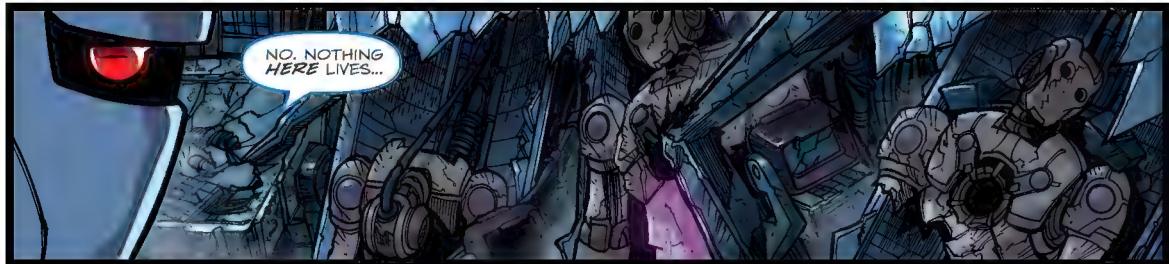
MUTE TRANS-
MISSION.

SIR—if the
STORIES OF
THE KNIGHTS
ARE TO BE
BELIEVED—

THAT THING
WOULDN'T LAST
TWO MINUTES
AGAINST US... BUT
I'M IN NO MOOD
TO START A
WAR.

INPUT
COORDINATES
FOR THE SHADOW
SYSTEM. PREPARE
TO WARP ON MY
COMMAND.





MY CHILDHOOD WAS...
UNUSUAL, I GUESS
YOU COULD SAY.

I WAS STILL SOLIDIFYING
WHEN THE SOLSTAR
DOCTORS WENT TO WORK.

I HEARD LATER
THEY ONLY DID
IT AT ROM'S
INSISTENCE.
MY SAVIOR.

BUT BACK THEN,
I WAS JUST A
KID. I HAD TO
LEARN TO TALK,
AND INTERACT
WITH PEOPLE.

ROM BROUGHT SOME
GLOWING FUEL FROM
THE SHIP'S LIFE
SUPPORT SYSTEM,
AND THE SOLSTAR
SCIENTISTS SET OUT
TO SYNTHESIZE IT.

BY MY FIFTH
SOLAR CYCLE,
I WAS...
CONSIDERABLY
BIGGER THAN
MY CLASSMATES.

AND I COULD
CHANGE INTO
A CAR.

IT FELT NATURAL TO
ME, BUT IT SORT OF
FREAKED THEM OUT.

THEY STARTED CALLING ME
STARDRIVE, BUT THAT WAS
ACTUALLY BETTER THAN
GRAY AREA ANOMALY.

MY TEACHER TOLD ME
WHAT THE SOLSTAR
ORDER KNEW ABOUT
CYBERTRONIANS—

—WHICH IS TO SAY, THEY'RE
A RACE OF GENOCIDAL
MECHANICAL MONSTERS.

WITH A PROPER
SOLSTAR
UPBRINGING, YOU
CAN OVERCOME
YOUR HERITAGE.

AND IF YOU
PUT IN ENOUGH
WORK, PERHAPS
YOU CAN BE ONE
OF US SOMEDAY.

IT'S NOT SURPRISING
I GOT LEFT ALONE
ON OUR GRADUATION
FIELD TRIP TO
MATO GROSSO.

THAT WAS
THE DAY I
MET MY
FIRST DIRE
WRAITH.

AHHHH!

WHY IS THE SOLSTAR
ORDER HERE...

...AND WHAT
ARE YOU...?

AHHHH!

YOU FEEL LIKE
A MACHINE...
BUT SCREAM LIKE
A CHILD.

FSHRRR
WAHH!

WHO?
STOP HIM
BEFORE HE—

USES
MAGIC TO
ESCAPE.

NEXT TIME,
LIVIA.
YOU WERE
VERY BRAVE,
YOUNG ONE.
COME, LET'S
SEE TO YOUR
INJURIES.

IT WAS HIM, MY
SAVIOR—BUT
THERE WERE
MORE OF HIM.

SOLSTAR KNIGHTS—THE
DEFENDERS OF CIVILIZATION
AGAINST THE DIRE WRAITHS.

WRAITHS ARE AS WARLIKE AND EVIL
AS... WELL, AS CYBERTRONIANS.
MALEVOLENT SHAPE-CHANGERS WHO
EMPLOY DARK, FORBIDDEN MAGIC.

BUT THANKS TO
THE KNIGHTS, MY
CLASSMATES WERE
SAFE. AND I...

...I WAS BORN A
SECOND TIME.

**MINING COLONY 25-6-41,
FAROUKO CLUSTER.
FIVE SOLAR CYCLES LATER.**

YOU ARE
CLEAR FOR
LANDING,
SOLSTAR V.

WE, UH, WE DIDN'T
KNOW A KNIGHT
WOULD BE COMING
TODAY. WE WOULD'VE
PREPARED A PROPER
WELCOME—

ROUTINE
VISIT,
CONTROL...

...NOTHING TO BE
NERVOUS ABOUT.
SOLSTAR V OUT.

FIVEP

SIR, YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS.

EXTREMELY
SERIOUS, CADET
SATA. THIS
MISSION COULD BE
DANGEROUS—YOU
ARE TO REMAIN
WITH THE SHIP.

TYPICAL. I'M
STUCK HERE,
WHILE AUXIN
GETS TO GO.

KEEP THE
COM-CHANNELS
CLEAR, CADET.

AND THAT
MECHANICAL...
THING. IT GOES
WHEREVER IT
WANTS.

...YES, SIR.
I'M HERE IF
YOU NEED
ME.

beep

I SHOULD HOPE SO,
CADET. PERFORM
YOUR JOB WELL,
AND ADVANCEMENT
WILL COME.

HOW DO
WE FIND THE
WRATHS, SIR?
THEY CAN
LOOK LIKE
ANYONE.

WE USE OUR
ANALYZERS,
CADET AUXIN...

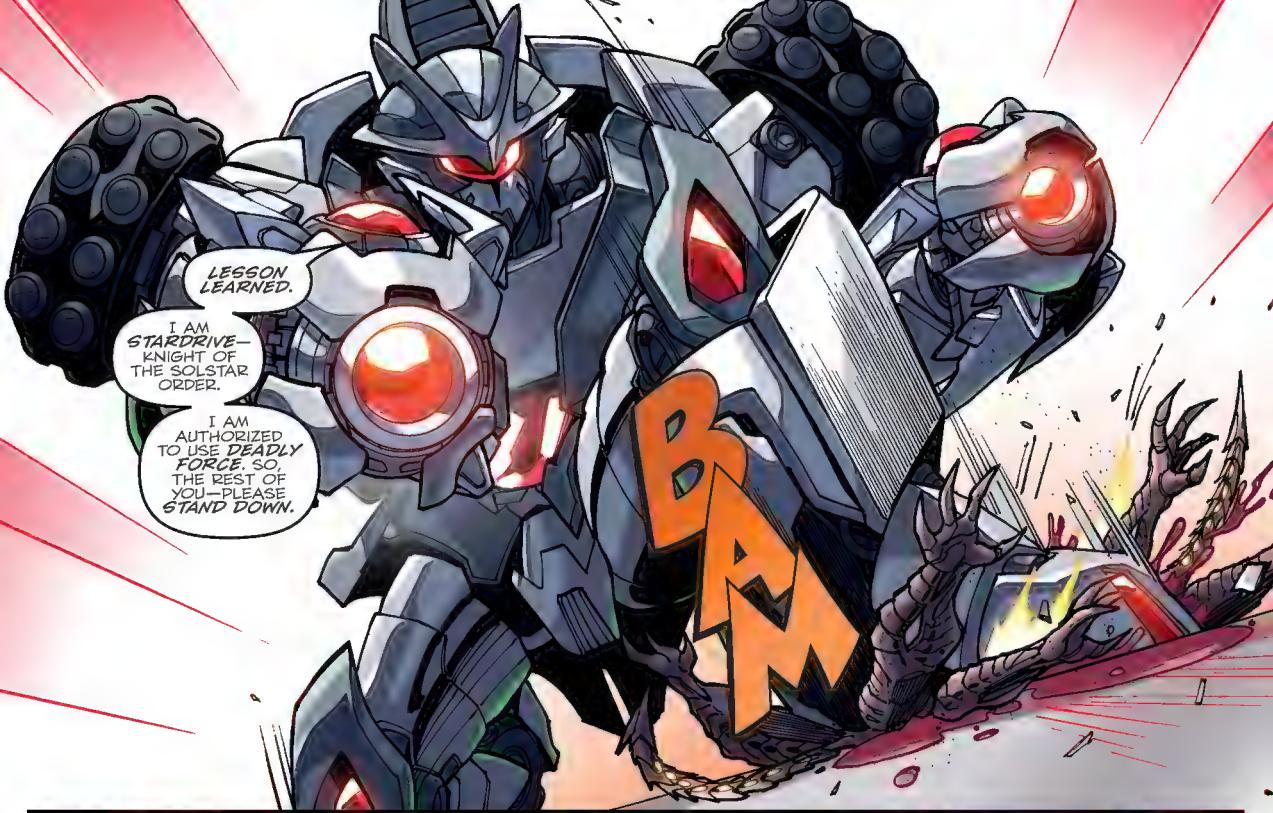
...IN CONCERT
WITH OUR
INTUITION.

YOU THERE!

AH, YOU
RECOGNIZE
ME.









"...NOW THAT STARDRIVE HAS JOINED US, WE HAVE A MISSION TO COMPLETE."

I ADMIRE STARDRIVE'S COMPASSION AND IDEALS.

YOU WEREN'T SO HIGH-MINDED WHEN THE WRATHS MURDERED YOUR FAMILY. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

I CAN'T BELIEVE I MISSED EVERYTHING.

HOW MANY WRATHS DID YOU KILL?

AUXIN?

ME? WHEN WE WERE ENCASED IN THESE SUITS OF ARMOR, I VOWED TO USE MY ABILITIES TO DEFEAT THE WRATHS.

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT. ANY OF IT.

IT'S YOU WHO'VE BECOME BLOODTHIRSTY, LIVIA.

AND YOU'VE BEEN ENCHANTED BY A MACHINE WOMAN AS SOFT AS YOU.

YOU CLING TO EMOTIONS WE SHOULD RISE ABOVE.

A HARD HEART DOES NOT ELEVATE US, IT LOWERS US. WE MUST NOT BECOME LIKE THE WRATHS WE FIGHT.

NOR LET THEM CONQUER US!

WELL, AT LEAST NOBODY HAD A GOOD TIME.

I DON'T KNOW IF THEY REALIZE I CAN HEAR THEM.

THEY'RE NOT NICE TO ME TO MY FACE, SO IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.

**SOLSTAR STATION ORCHID CROSSING.
ORBITING XETAXXIS.**

THE TRUTH
IS, SATA—I
ALMOST
BLEW IT.

ONLY
BECAUSE
OF THE
MACHINE...

...I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY WE'RE
STUCK IN THE
SAME STATION
AS IT.

HPH.

STOP WORRYING.
WHATEVER HER
FLAWS, STARDRIVE
HAS NEVER SHIRKED
HER DUTY.

SHE'LL
BE FINE,
ROM.

DON'T
UNDERESTIMATE THE
GALACTIC COUNCIL'S
HATRED. WE SHOULD
WARN HER...

SATA AND AUXIN
MISS THEIR FAMILIES,
BUT I DON'T HAVE
THAT PROBLEM.

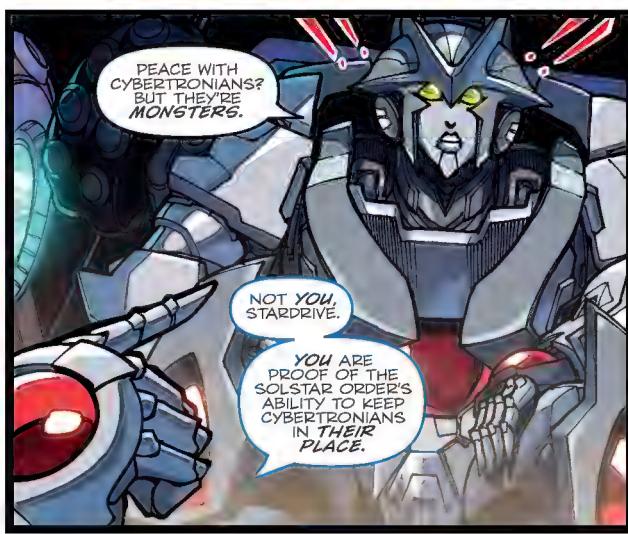
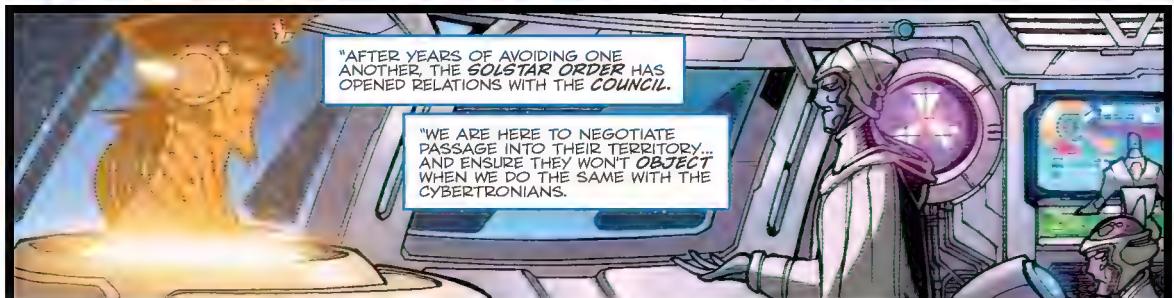
THE FUEL SYNTHESIZER
THEY BUILT WARMS ME UP.

MAKES THINGS FEEL... OKAY.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

?

...COME IN.





IN THE MORNING,
THE DIGNITARIES AND
NEGOTIATORS GATHERED
TO GREET THE COUNCIL
SHUTTLE...

...JOINED, AS
ALWAYS, BY A
PHALANX OF
KNIGHTS.





BLASTOFF!
BUT AUXIN
WOULDN'T BE
THE LAST.

WELL,
WELL,
WELL.

SO THIS
IS HOW THE
OTHER HALF
LIVES.

DECEPTICONS,
DIRE WRAITHS—

-SIC
'EM.

AHHEE!

THERE'S SO
MANY!

STAR DRIVE—
ARE YOU
WELL?

I...
DON'T
KNOW.

THERE,
STARSCREAM!
THERE
IS THE CYBERTRONIAN,
AS PROMISED.

YOU KNOW WHAT,
VEKKTRAL?

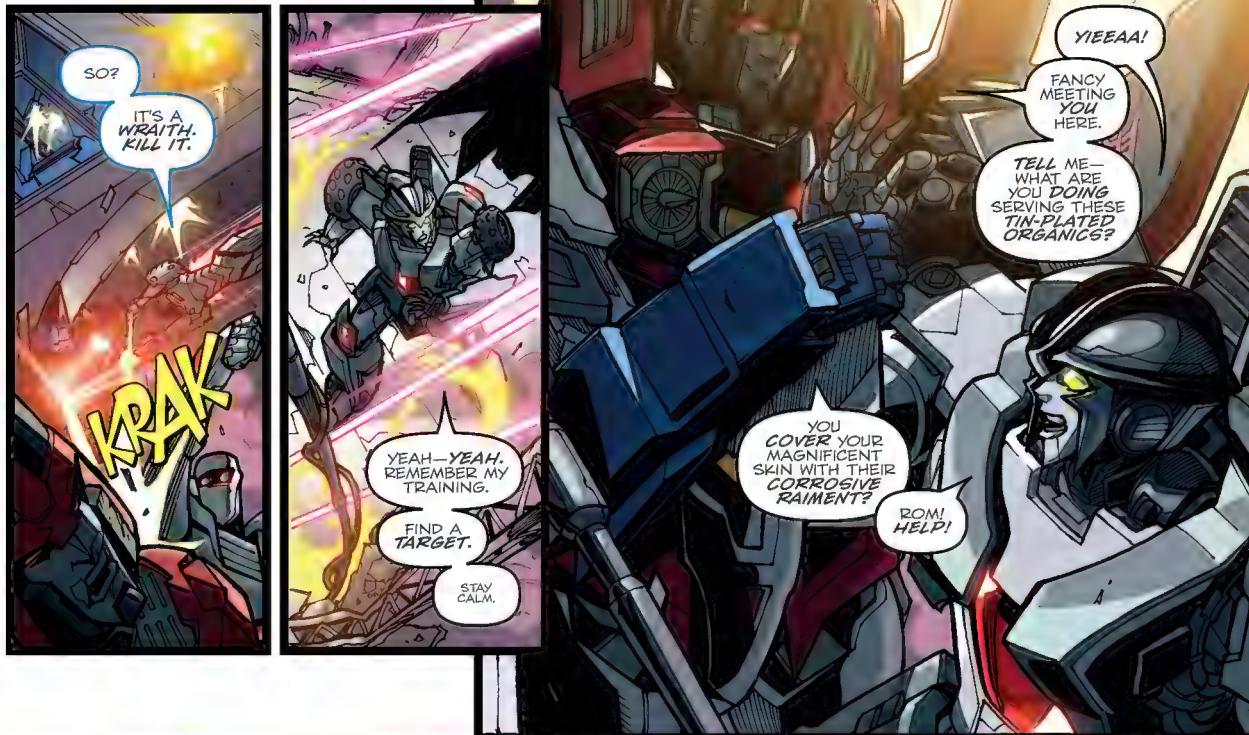
I COULD
ACTUALLY
TELL WHICH
ONE WASN'T
SIX FEET
TALL AND
MADE OF
FLESH.

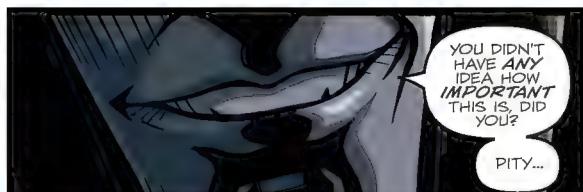
STAR DRIVE—FOCUS!
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF
THEY'RE CYBERTRONIANS—REPEL THEM!

IT'S NOT
THAT,
LIVIA—
IT'S THE
WRAITH!

I
REMEMBER
HIM—

—HE'S THE
ONE WHO TRIED
TO KILL ME ON
MATO GROSSO!





**THIS IS
OVER!**

ULTRA MAGNUS
AND BUMBLEBEE—
WE WERE JUST
GETTING THE PARTY
STARTED.

CARE TO
JOIN ME IN
KILLING SOME
ORGANICS?

WAIT! THIS
WAS TO BE A
MISSION OF
PEACE!

BUT EVEN I COULD
SEE RON'S PROTEST
WAS USELESS.

NO MATTER WHAT I
HOPED... NO MATTER
WHAT I BELIEVED...

...MY FIRST ENCOUNTER
WITH OTHER CYBERTRONIANS
PROVED ONE THING:

EVERYBODY WAS
RIGHT ABOUT ME.

SORRY,
STARScream.

THE ONLY
ONE DYING
HERE IS YOU.



02 |

ART BY ALEX MILNE COLOR BY JOSH PEREZ



HUNI SYSTEM.
WEEKS EARLIER.

YOU KNOW
WHO WE ARE.
YOU KNOW WHAT
WE DO.

WHAT WOULD
POSSIBLY MAKE
YOU THINK WE CARE
ABOUT YOUR
PROBLEMS?

I DO NOT, NOR DO
WE CARE ABOUT YOURS,
BUT FROM WHAT I
CAN SEE...

...WE HAVE COMMON
INTERESTS.

IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING
THAT YOU DECEPTICONS
STARTED YOUR WAR TO
FIGHT OPPRESSION.

THE SOLSTAR ORDER
MOST CERTAINLY
OPPRESSES US.

ORGANICS
OPPRESSING
ORGANICS?

I HAVE
BETTER THINGS
TO DO. RAMJET,
DIRGE—KILL
TH—

I HAVEN'T
FINISHED.

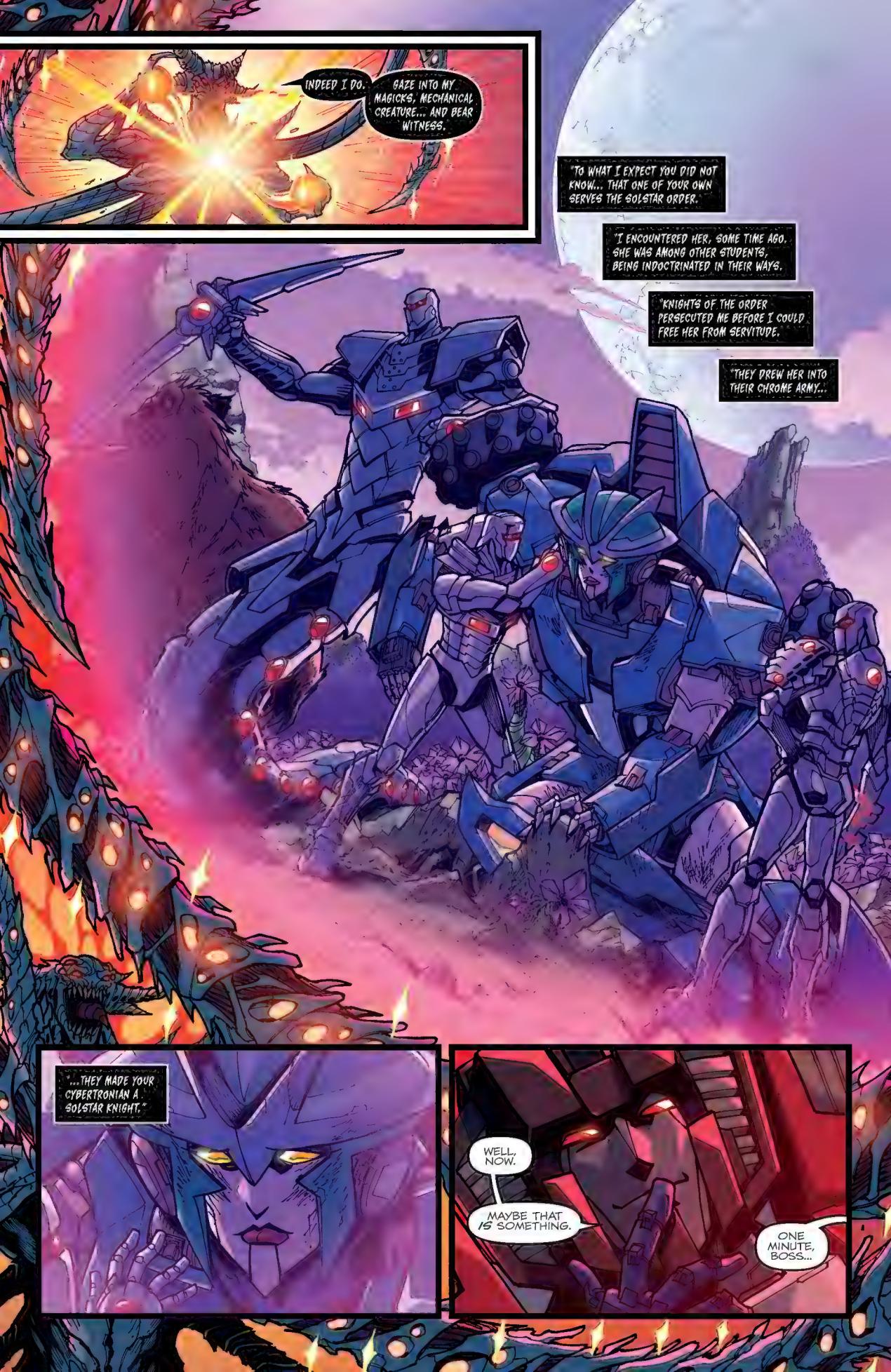
LIKE YOU, WE
CAN CHANGE.

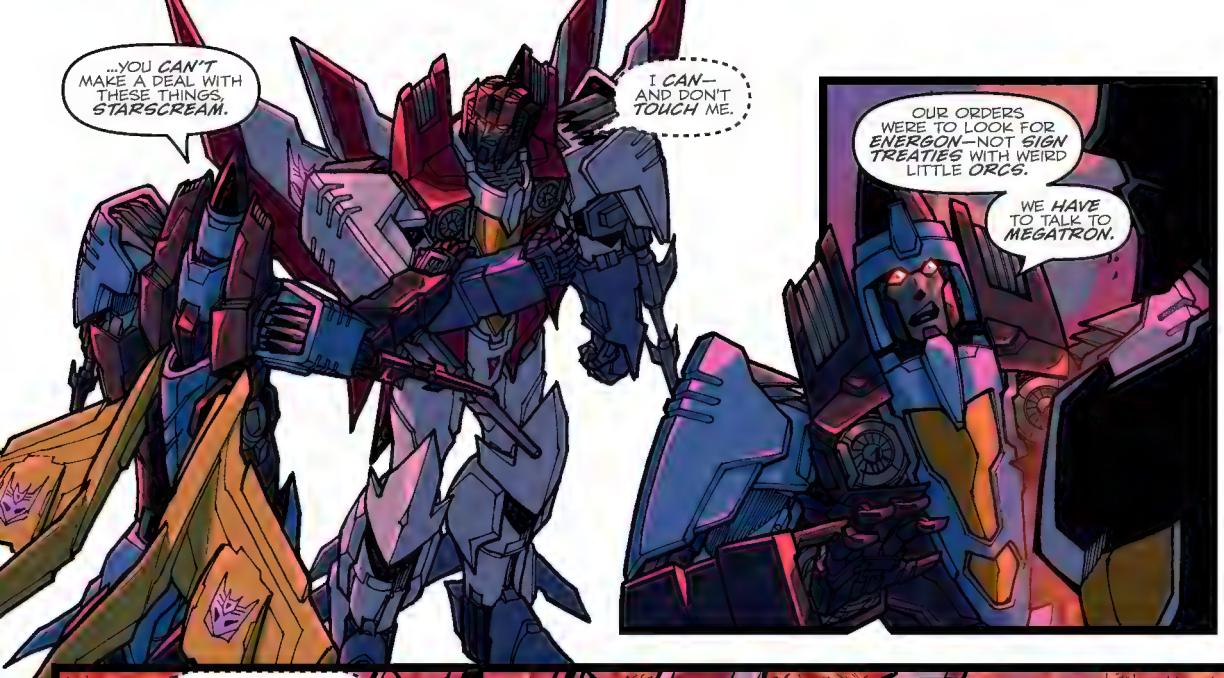
TOGETHER, WE
COULD BE VALUABLE
ALLIES—

A DIRE
WRAITH/DECEPTION
ALLIANCE!

NOW
YOU'RE SPIKY
ORGANICS.

GOT
ANYTHING
ELSE?





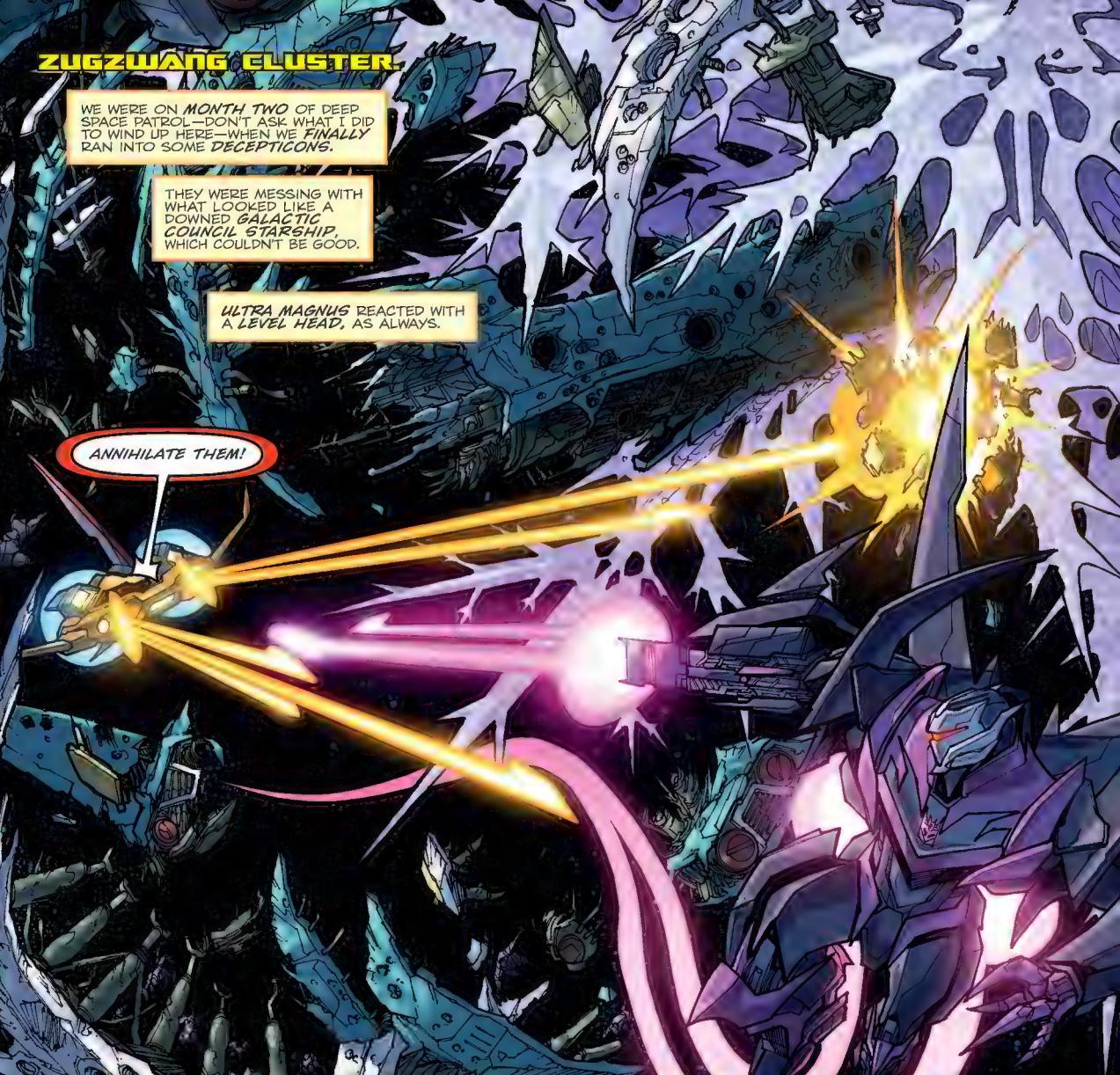
ZUGZWANG GLUSTER.

WE WERE ON MONTH TWO OF DEEP SPACE PATROL—DON'T ASK WHAT I DID TO WIND UP HERE—WHEN WE FINALLY RAN INTO SOME DECEPTICONS.

THEY WERE MESSING WITH WHAT LOOKED LIKE A DOWNED GALACTIC COUNCIL STARSHIP, WHICH COULDN'T BE GOOD.

ULTRA MAGNUS REACTED WITH A LEVEL HEAD, AS ALWAYS.

ANNIHILATE THEM!



I'M ANNIHILATING AS FAST AS I CAN, SIR.

NICE SHOT, SKY BLAST.

I GUESS YOU REALLY EARNED THAT NAME, HUH?

I TRY TO KEEP THINGS LIGHT. SKY BLAST DOESN'T REALLY GET ALONG WITH ULTRA MAGNUS.

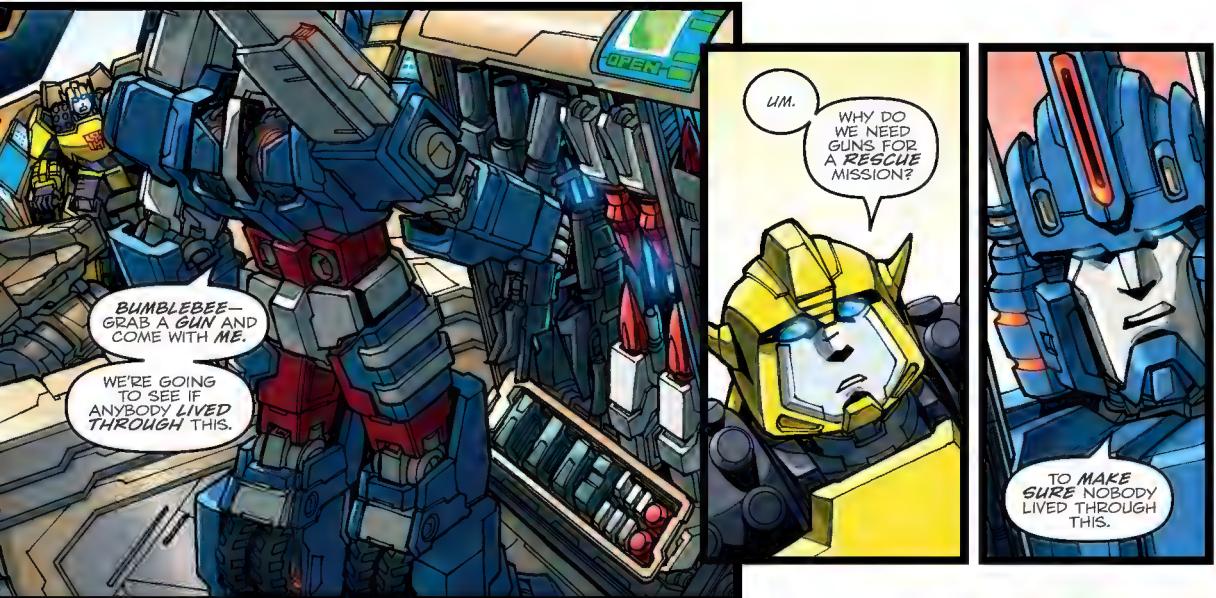
LUCKILY, I GET ALONG WITH EVERYBODY.

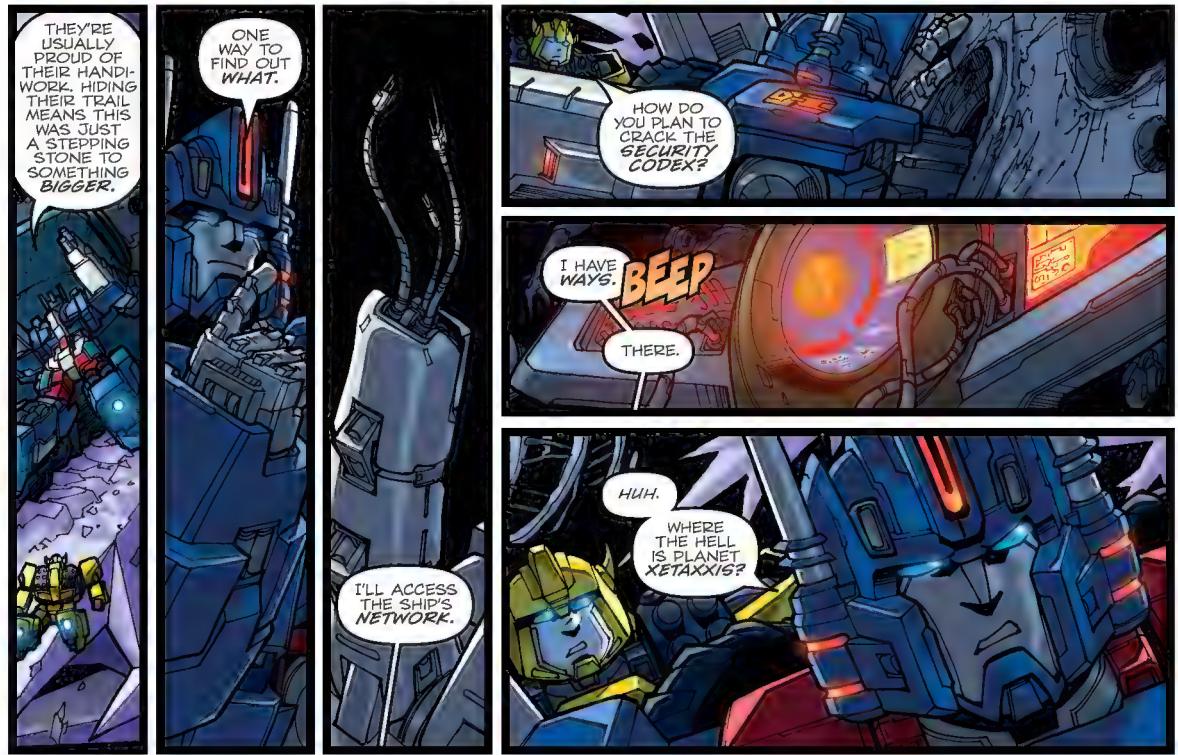
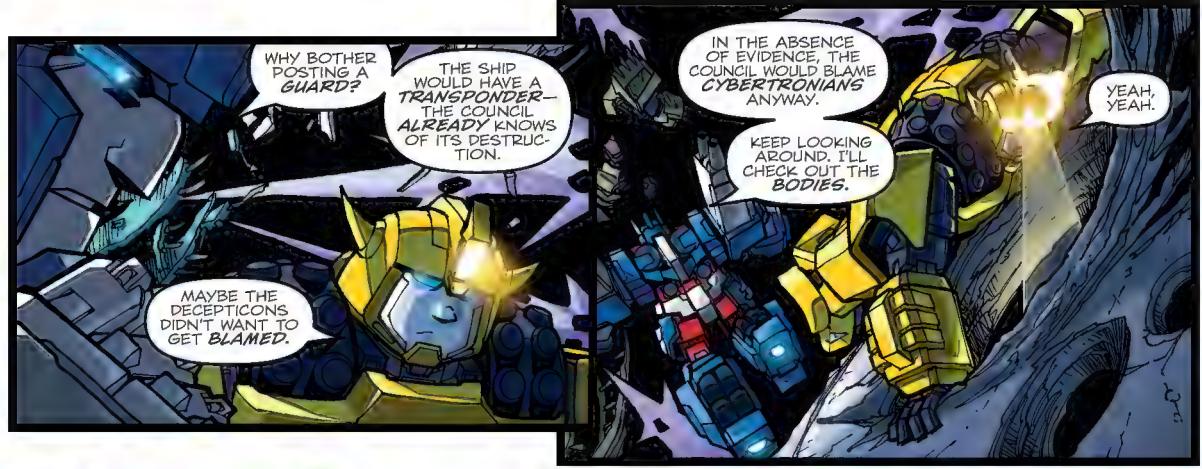
DON'T YOU THINK THAT WAS A PRETTY GREAT SHOT, MAGNUS?

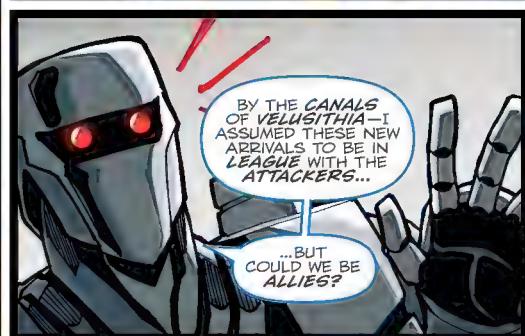
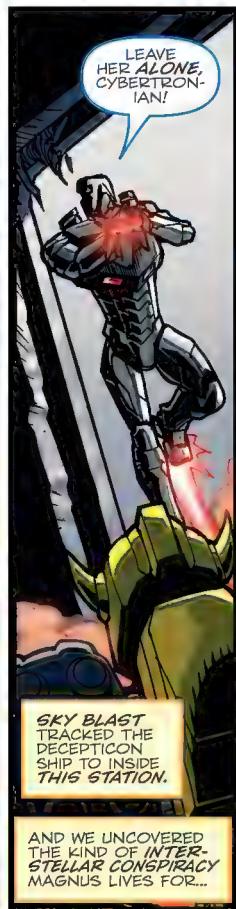
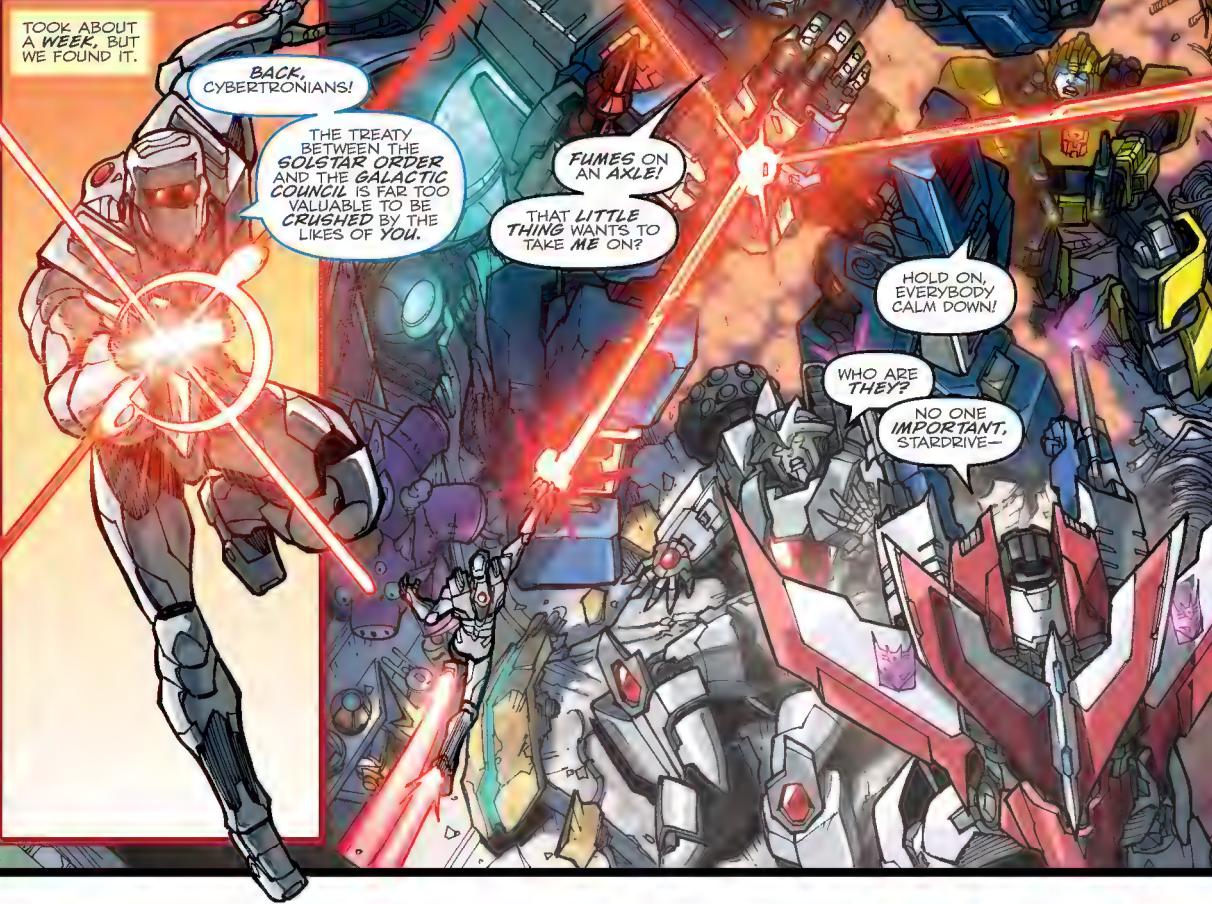
SCAN FOR SURVIVORS.

WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SIR. NO READINGS.









FTOOM

ALL OF
YOU TALK
TOO MUCH.

A DEAD COUNCIL
STARSHIP, AND NOW
KNIGHTS OF THE
SOLSTAR ORDER
STANDING WITH
DECEPTICONS—

—EVEN
ENCASING
ONE IN THEIR
ARMOR?

IF YOU HAVE ANY
QUESTIONS LEFT,
BUMBLEBEE...

...WE CAN
ANALYZE THEIR
BODIES WHEN
WE'RE DONE.

WE REALLY
SHOULD HAVE
FIGURED OUT
WHO'S ON
WHOSE SIDE.

NOW,
MOVE—

—STARSCREAM
AND THE OTHERS
ARE UP TO SOME-
THING REALLY BAD.
I CAN FEEL IT.

BUT, WAIT—
IF THEY'RE ALL
IN CAHOOTS...

...WHAT IS
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

UH, GUYS?
SKY BLAST
HERE.

READINGS
SHOW THE ONLY
THING HOLDING
THAT SPACE STATION
TOGETHER IS ITS
FORCE FIELD.

ARE
THINGS
OKAY IN
THERE?



ZAT











"...SO I'D PREFER TO BE ON OUR SHUTTLE WHEN THAT HAPPENS."

WHAT'S GOING ON, STARSCREAM?!

I'M FALLING SIDEWAYS!

OH, ASTROTRAIN— YOU NEVER KNOW WHICH WAY IS UP.

MAGNUS—
I DON'T THINK
SHE'S ONE OF
THEM!

I STILL
DON'T CARE,
BEE!

THE
STATION—

—THE
CREW!

STARDRIVE—
ABANDON
SHIP!

COME
WITH US!

BUT...

HEY,
LADY!

COME ON!
WE CAN GET
YOU OUT OF
HERE!

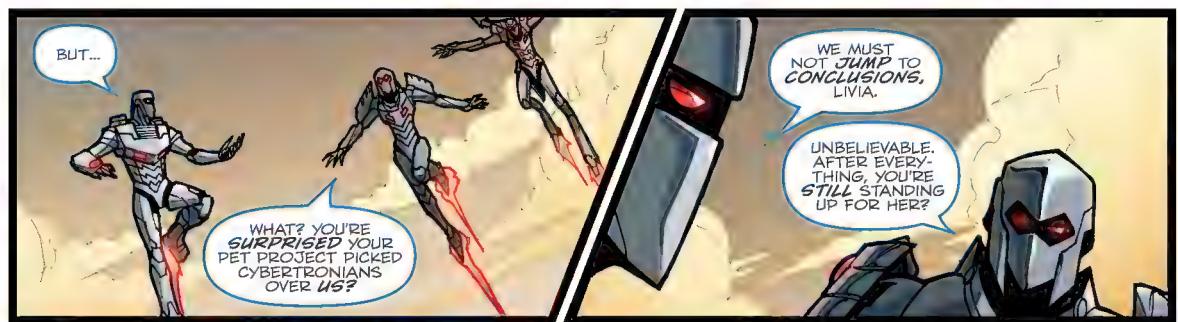
MOVE,
BUMBLEBEE.

THIS SHUTTLE
WON'T WAIT
FOREVER—





THOOM



THE LANDING WAS A LITTLE ROUGH, IF I'M GOING TO BE HONEST.

BUT I LIKE TO STAY POSITIVE.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

WHAT—WHAT ARE YOU—

BY PROVIDING SERVICES TO AN ORGANIC RACE, YOU'RE IN VIOLATION OF ARTICLE THREE OF THE TYREST ACCORD.

THE...WHAT?

YOU'VE PROVIDED MATERIAL CYBERTRONIAN TECHNOLOGY—YOUR SELF—TO AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION.

OF COURSE.

THEY ALL HATE ME AND TELL ME I DON'T BELONG.

IT STANDS TO REASON WHEN I MEET OTHER CYBERTRONIANS, THEY'D SAY THE SAME THING.

DO WHAT YOU WANT.

BUT FIRST, HELP ME LOOK FOR SURVIVORS.

KNIGHTS OF THE SOLSTAR ORDER DON'T LEAVE THEIR FELLOWS BEHIND.

SHE SAVED US, MAGNUS.

WE'RE STUCK ON THIS ROCK UNTIL HELP ARRIVES—AND PRIMUS KNOWS WHEN THAT'LL BE.

WE LOST OUR FRIEND. WE MIGHT AS WELL HELP HER FIND HERS.

THEY'RE NOT REALLY FRIENDS, EXACTLY.

BOTH OF YOU ARE BEING SOFT-HEADED PUPPET VALVES.

THEY'RE ORGANICS! THEY BARELY COUNT AS LIFE, ANYWAY.

AND THEY'RE FAR, FAR TOO FRAIL TO HAVE SURVIVED.

I'VE NEVER BEEN ACCUSED OF BEING FRAIL BEFORE...

HNG!

ZRAPP



...BUT THIS
HAS BEEN
A DAY OF
FIRSTS.

SURRENDER,
YELLOW
CYBERTRONIAN—
OR JOIN YOUR
ALLY.

MAGNUS?

HE'S ALWAYS
DOING THIS.

GETTING SOME STUPID
IDEA IN HIS HEAD, AND
RUSHING IN REGARDLESS
OF CONSEQUENCE.

BUT, COME ON,
MAGNUS...

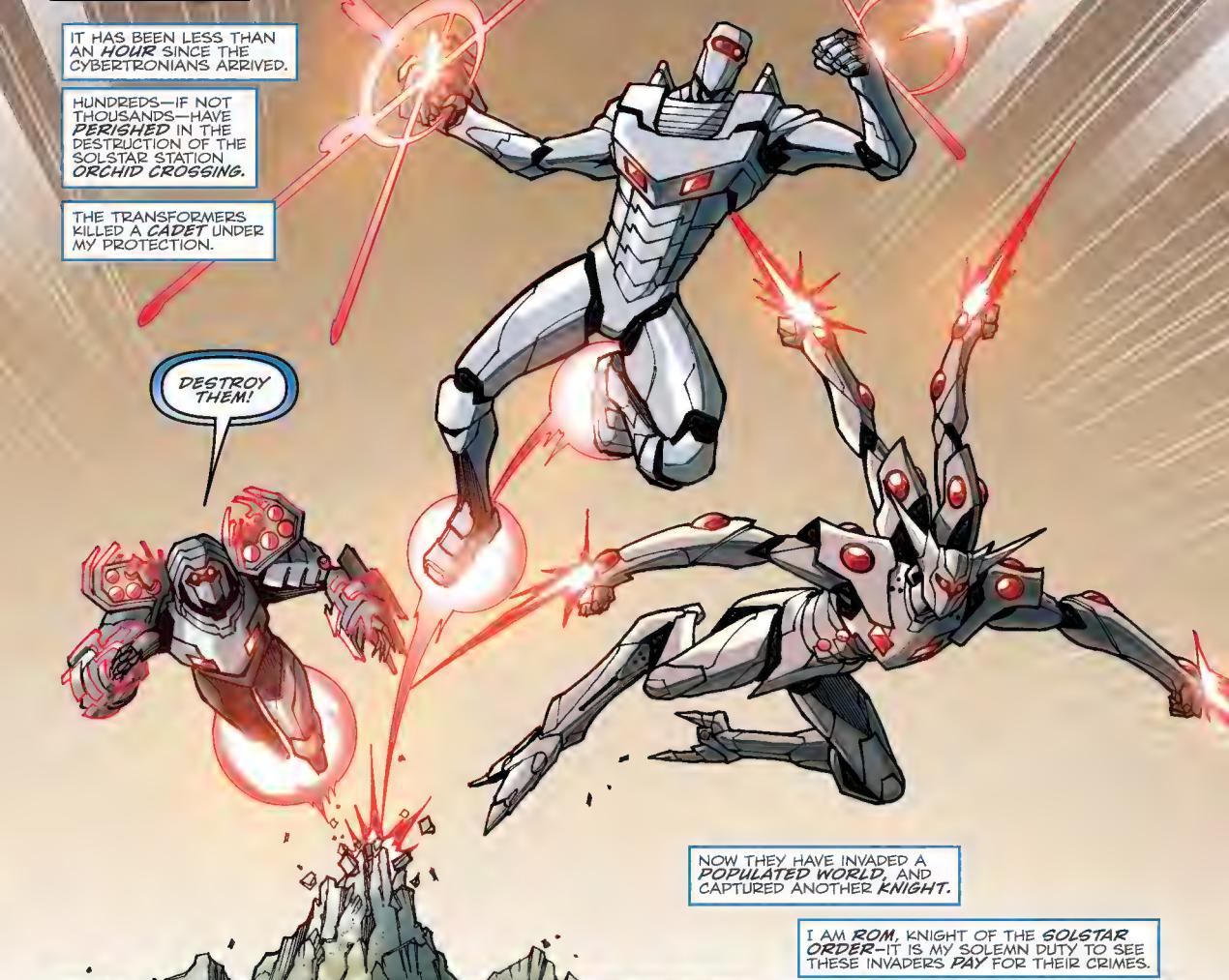
...DON'T LEAVE
ME ALONE.

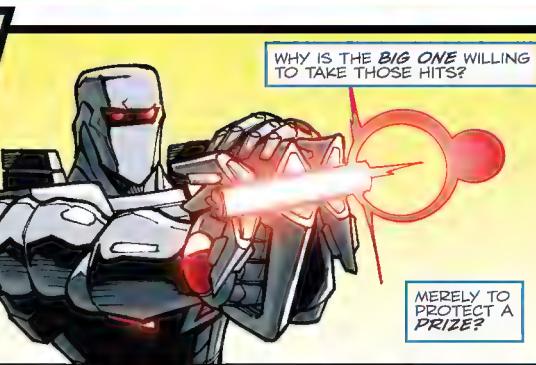
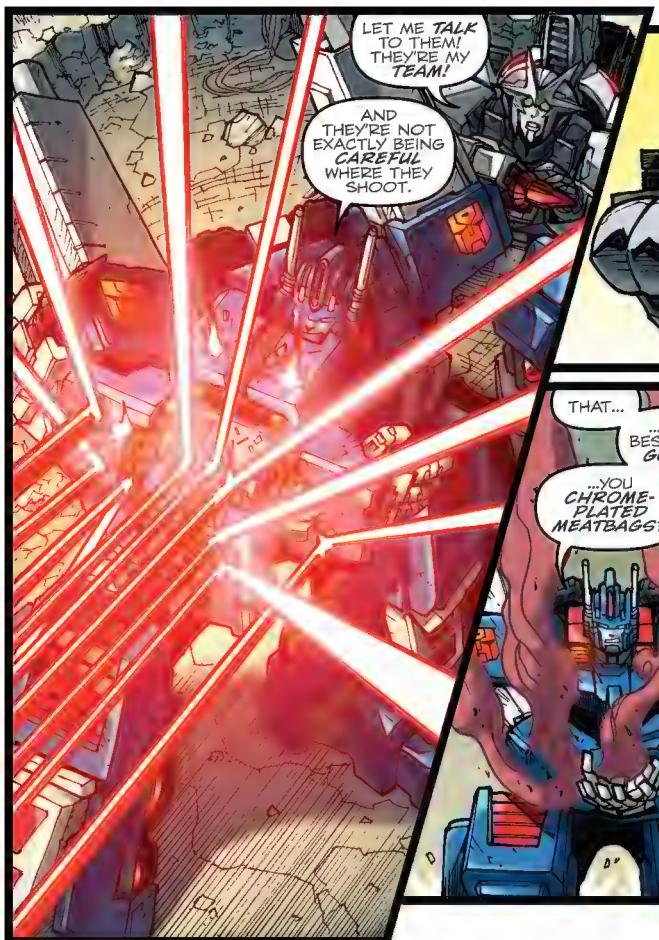
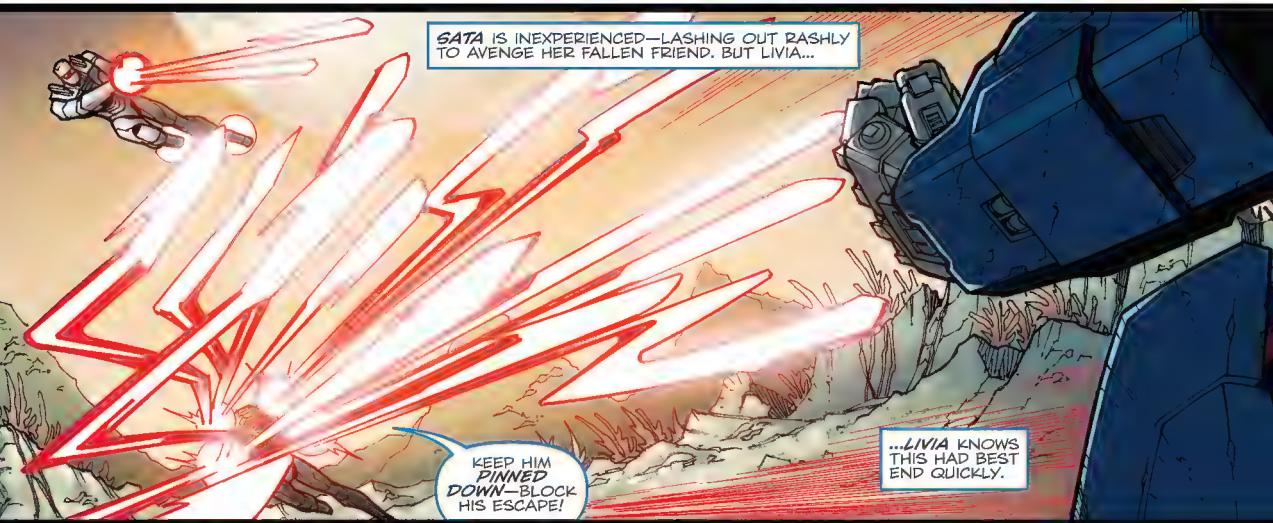


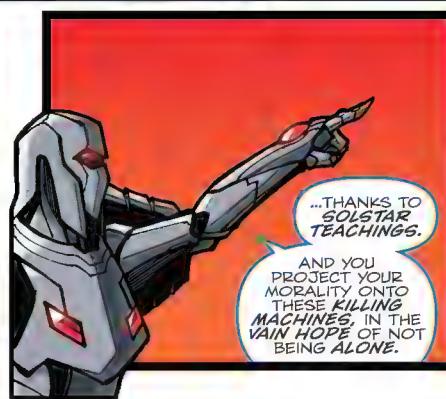
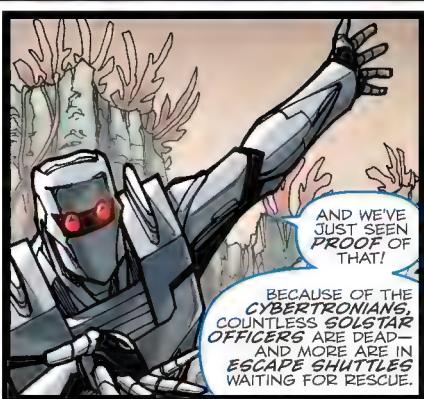
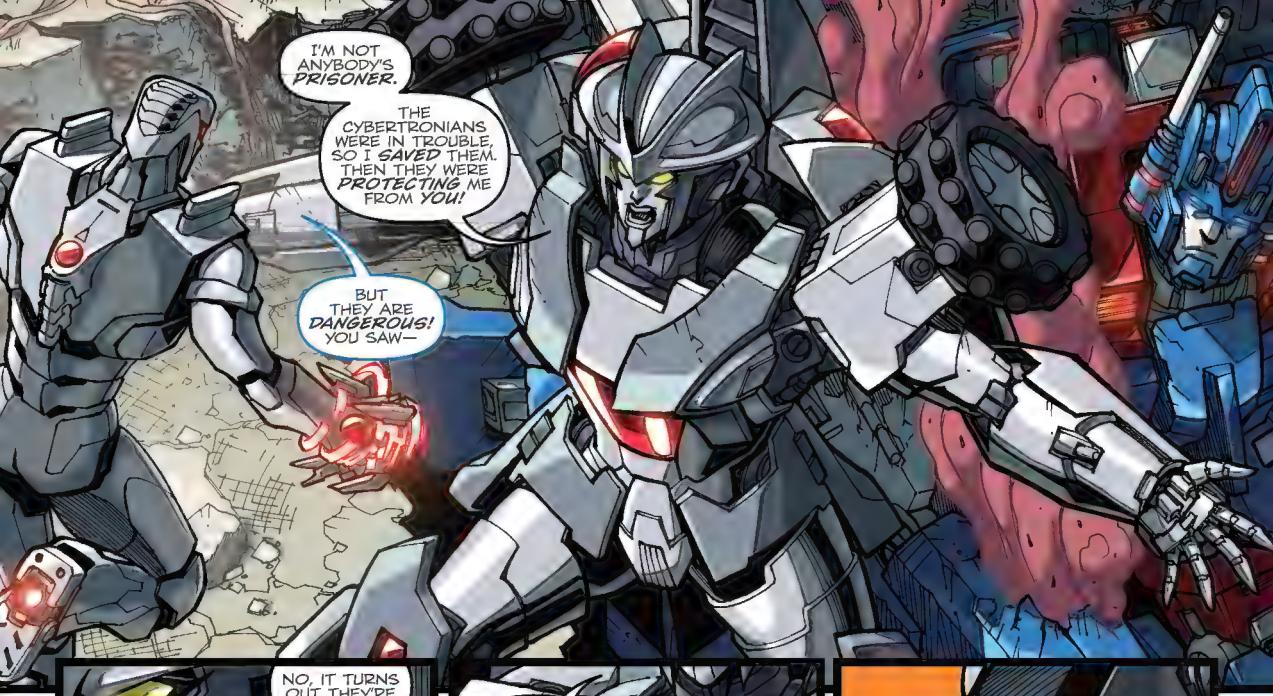
03 |

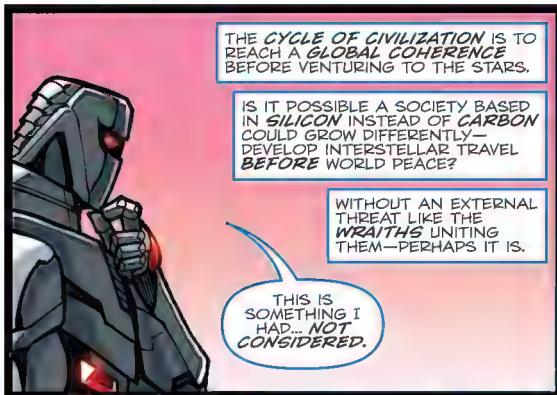
ALEX MILNE COLOR BY JOSH PEREZ

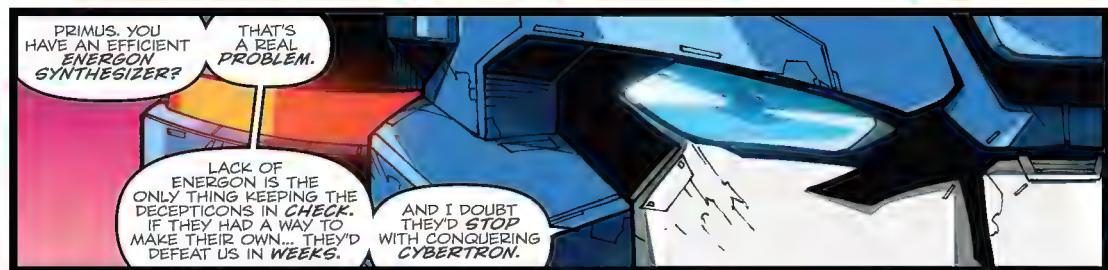














THE WRAITHS AND DECEPTICONS
COULD HAVE BEEN ANYWHERE...

AUUCHHGGGHUH!

...PLANNING
ANYTHING.
THE ONLY
THING WORSE
THAN THE
DEVIL YOU
KNOW...

HURRRAGAHHEE!

WELL, HE
CERTAINLY
WASN'T HARD
TO FIND.

THE MUTATION
FACTOR IS
INCREASING. IT LOOKS
EXQUISITELY...

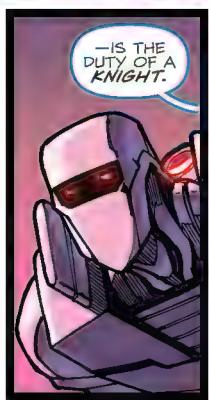
...PAINFUL.

...IS WHEN IT JOINS FORCES WITH THE DEVIL YOU DON'T.





"—AND I WANT THAT SYNTHESIZER IN MY HANDS BEFORE I HAVE TO DIRTY THEM AGAIN."



THE REST OF THE TRIP PASSES UNEVENTFULLY.



LIVIA MAKES HER DISGUST FOR THE NATIVES APPARENT. I KNOW WHAT SHE IS DOING.

IF SHE CONVINCES HERSELF THESE NATIVES ARE LESS THAN US... PERHAPS SHE CAN LIVE WITH KILLING THEM.



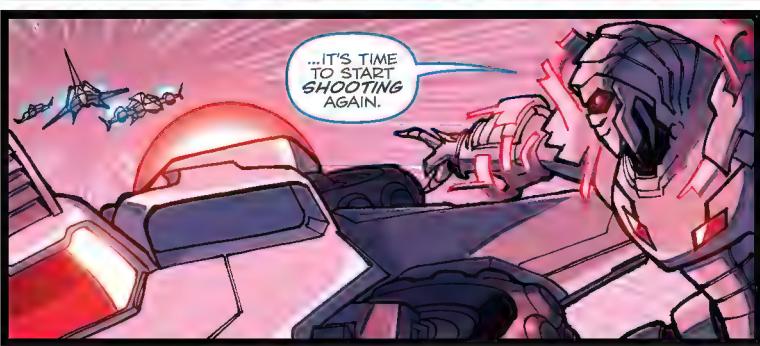
ON A COLD, ENERGY-DEFICIENT WORLD LIKE XETAXXIS, A DOWNED STATION MEANS ANOTHER DAY OF LIFE.

OUR FELLOWS ARE PAST NEEDING THOSE THINGS. LET THE XETAXXIANS HAVE THEM.

I WORKED IN A MINE BEFORE I WAS A KNIGHT, AS PART OF MY GEOLOGY STUDIES...



BUT NOW THEIR VERY SURVIVAL IS IN QUESTION.

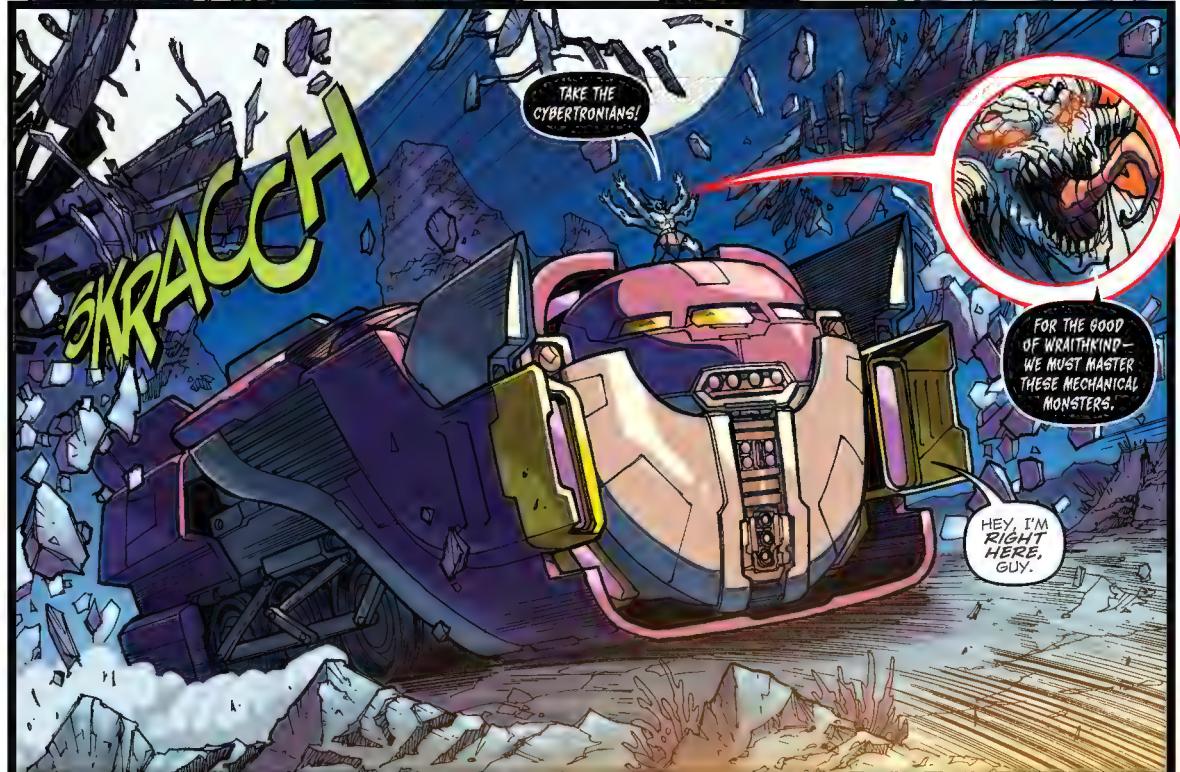














BACK OFF!

WE'RE HAVING A MOMENT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAGNUS?

SAVING THE DAY, LIKE ALWAYS.

YOU HAVE TO STOP STARGREEM FROM GETTING THE SYNTHESIZER.

DON'T MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, YOU...
...OR ANYBODY ELSE.

PRESS THE ATTACK!

COME ON, SATA.

WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE WRAITHS—

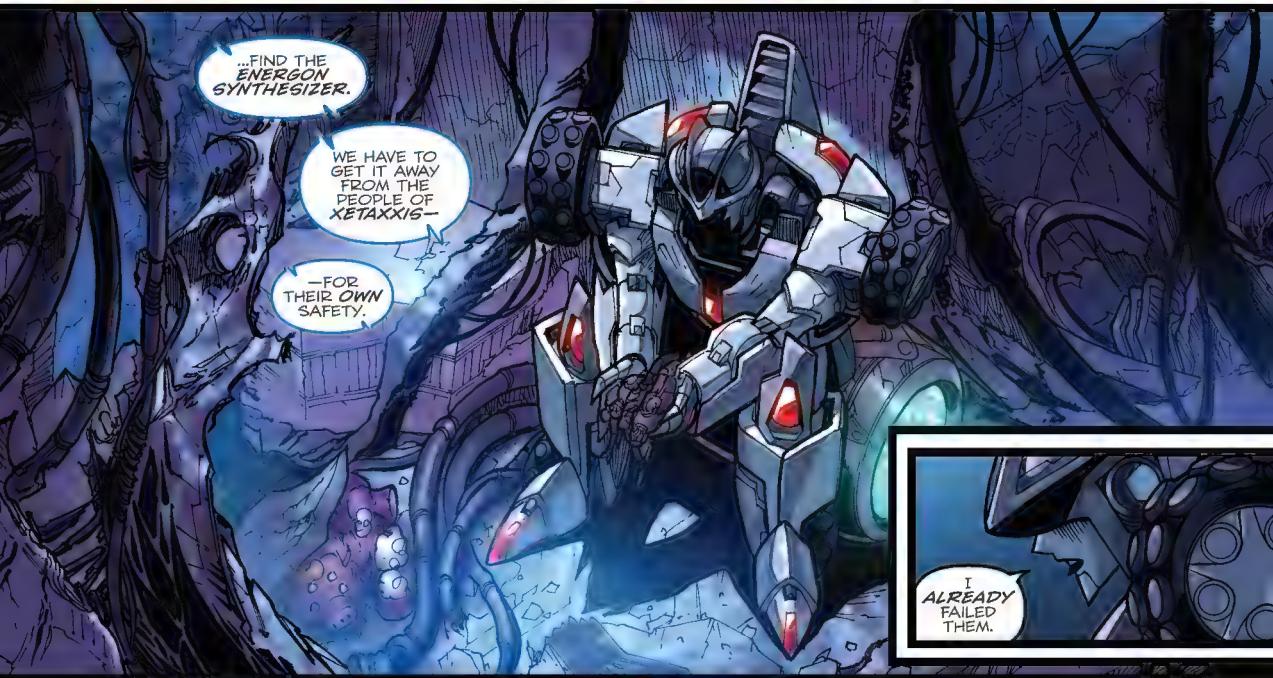
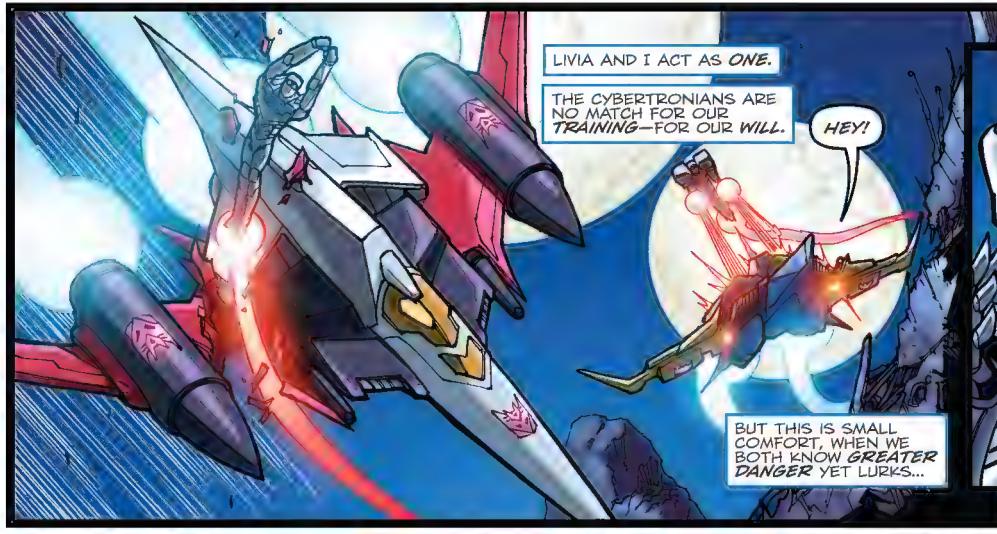
WE GOT A NEW MISSION.

BUT WHAT ABOUT ULTRA MAGNUS...?

I GOT THIS.

COME AT ME, WRAITHS.

THERE'S A FEW ARTICLES OF THE TYREST ACCORD I WANT TO EXPLAIN TO YOU.









CHAOS? NO THANKS.

I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN THINGS GET MESSY.

YOU LOOK COLD—LET ME WARM YOU UP!

SO I'M IN NO MOOD FOR CRACKING JOKES.

TO BE HONEST, THOUGH—I NEVER AM.

JOKES ARE BELOW THE DIGNITY OF AN ULTRA MAGNUS.

BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THESE DIRE WRAITHS...

...MAKES HUMOR SEEM EVEN MORE DISTASTEFUL.

MAGNUS DOESN'T EVEN LOOK TIRED. VEKTRAIL AND HE'S TAKEN OUT AT LEAST A HUNDRED OF YOUR GUYS.

THEN IT IS FORTUNATE THAT I HAVE THOUSANDS, STARTRUCK.

ASTROTRAIN. THE NAME'S... NEVER MIND.
YOU GOT A REAL PARTICULAR STYLE OF LEADERSHIP.

AND YOU HAVE LIMITED VISION.
THIS CYBERTRONIAN IS WORTH THE COST.
LIKE I SAID: DISTASTEFUL.

MOSTLY
BECAUSE I'M
DEFINITELY
GOING TO
DIE HERE.

STRETCHING!?

YOU'RE
REALLY TRYING
TO FIGHT ME BY
STRETCHING?!

HNGGI!

I—RRGH—
I CAN SEE
WHY YOU'RE TOO
EMBARRASSED
TO LEAVE YOUR
SECTOR OF
SPACE.

PRIMUS... JUST GIVE ME THE
STRENGTH TO GO OUT LIKE THE
ULTRA MAGNUSES BEFORE ME.

I DON'T WANT
TO DISGRACE
THE UNIFORM.

YOU
SEEM FEARFUL,
CYBERTRONIAN...
BUT NOT NEARLY
ENOUGH.

SHEESH.
THAT'S HARSH.

YOUR FRIEND
DIED IN AGONY,
CONSUMED BY THE
MAGICKS OF A COMMON
WRAITH DRONE.

I AM NOT ONLY A
MASTER IN THE EIDOLON
HIERARCHY...

...BUT A
SCIENTIST.

I HAVE EXAMINED THE
BODY. I UNDERSTAND
WHAT IT MEANS TO
POSSESS A CYBERTRONIAN.

I... HOPE IT
MEANS... YOU
SHUT UP.

IT MEANS I
CAN CONTROL
THE PROCESS.

BELIEVE ME—THIS
WILL HURT YOU MUCH
MORE THAN IT
HURTS ME.

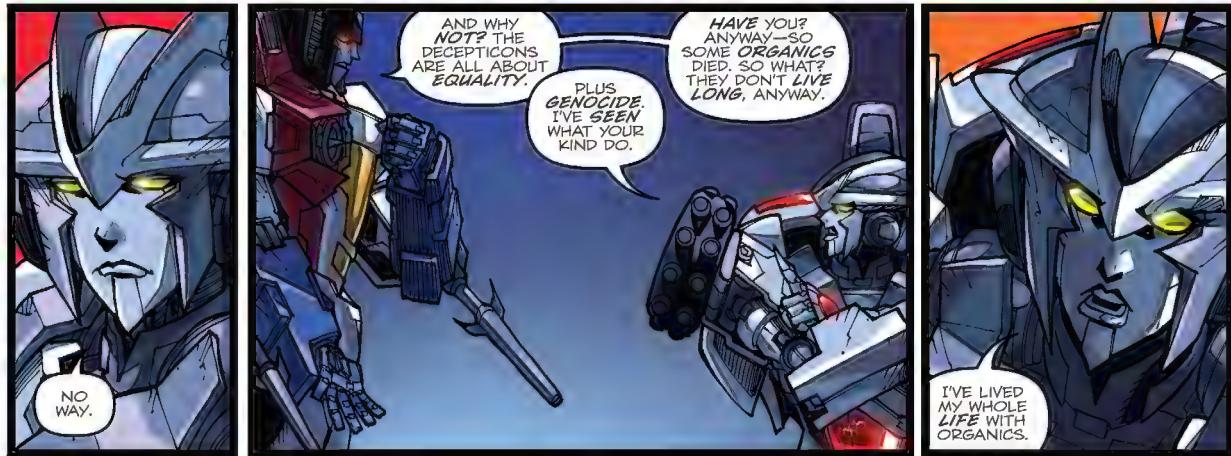
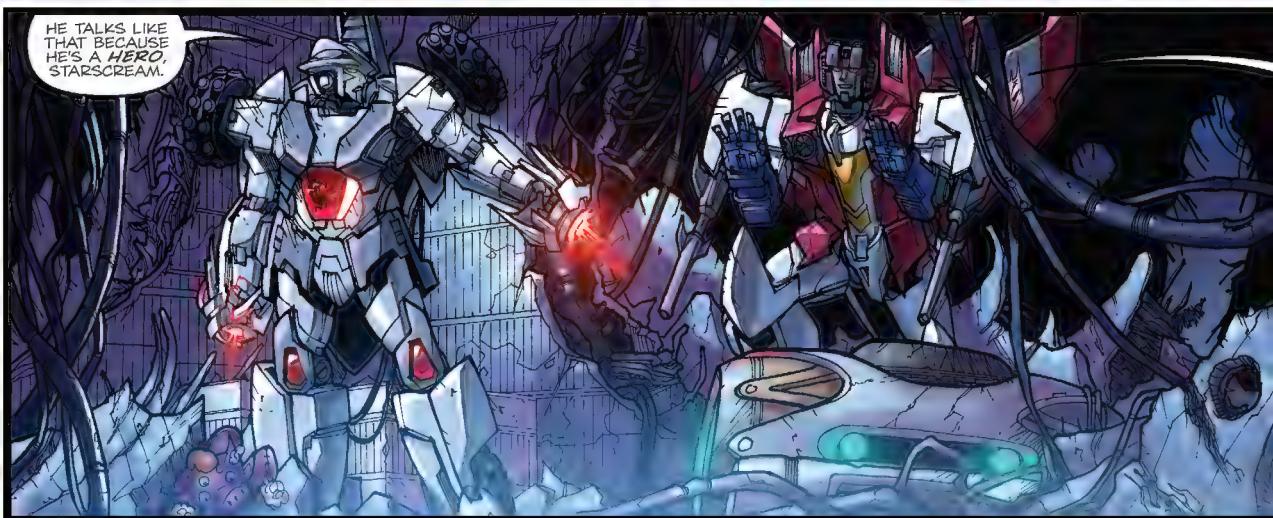
HAHAUGH!

PRIMUS, PLEASE...



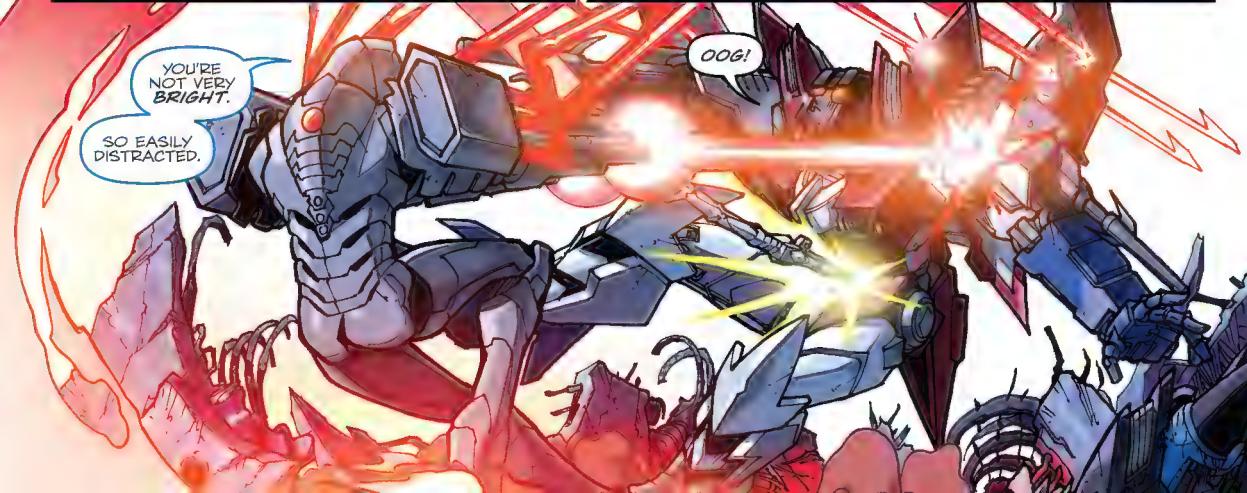
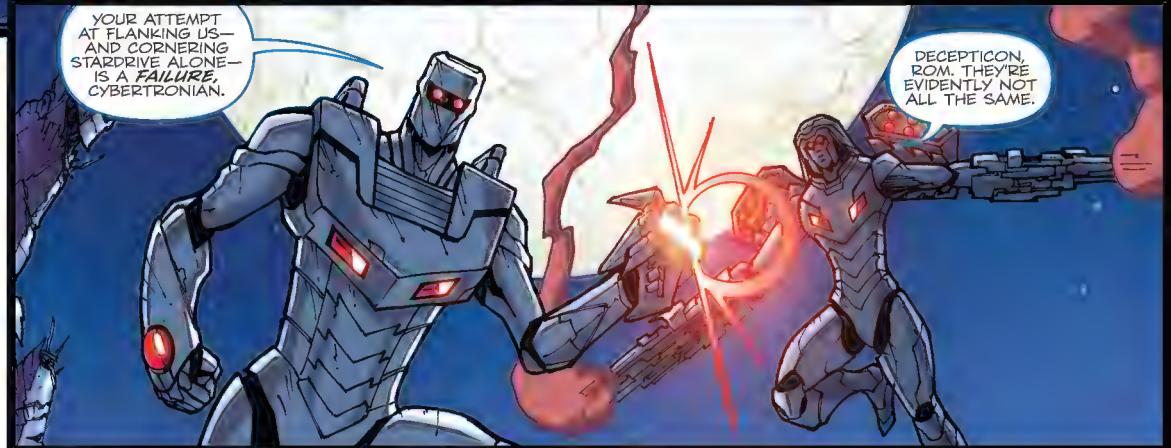


ROM—YOU LOOK A BIT OVERWHELMED.

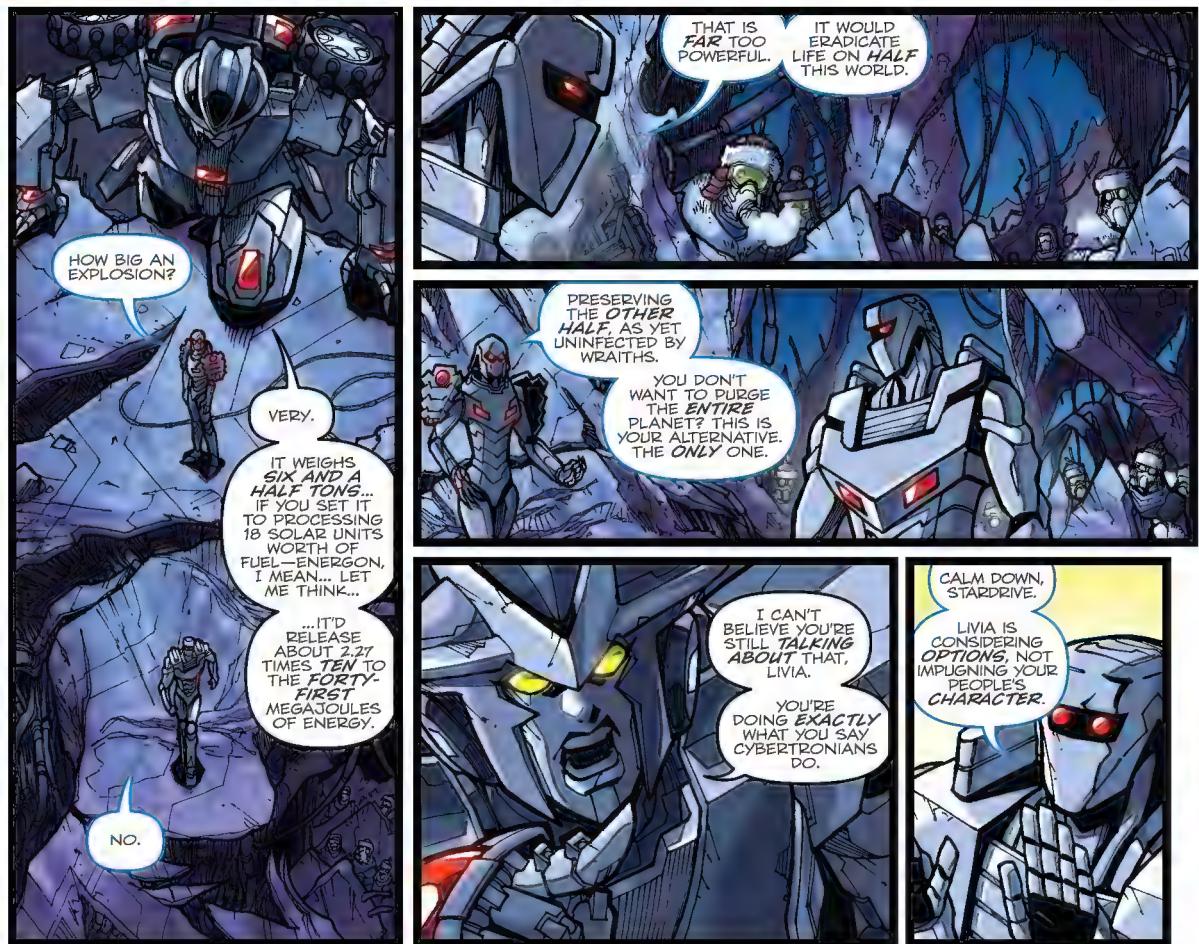
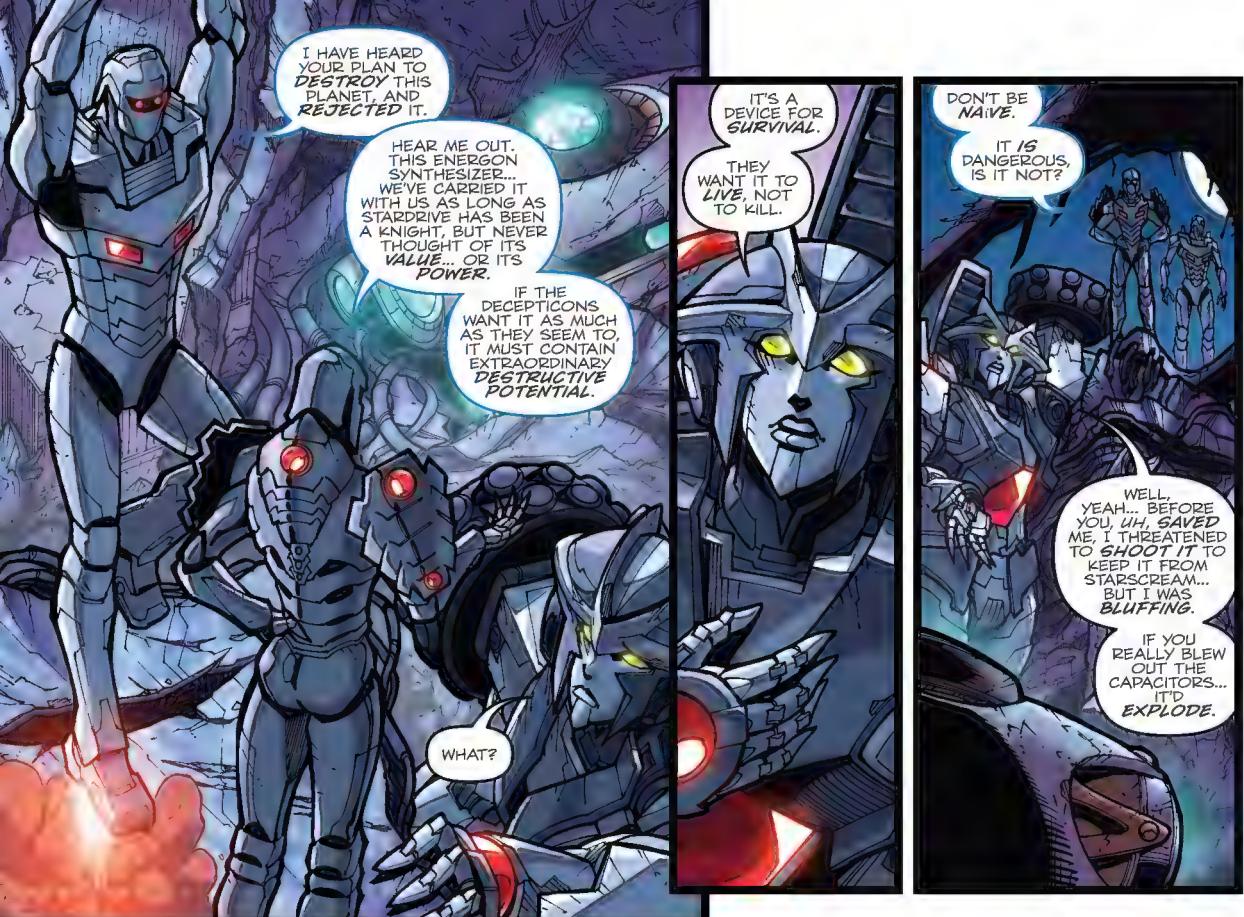


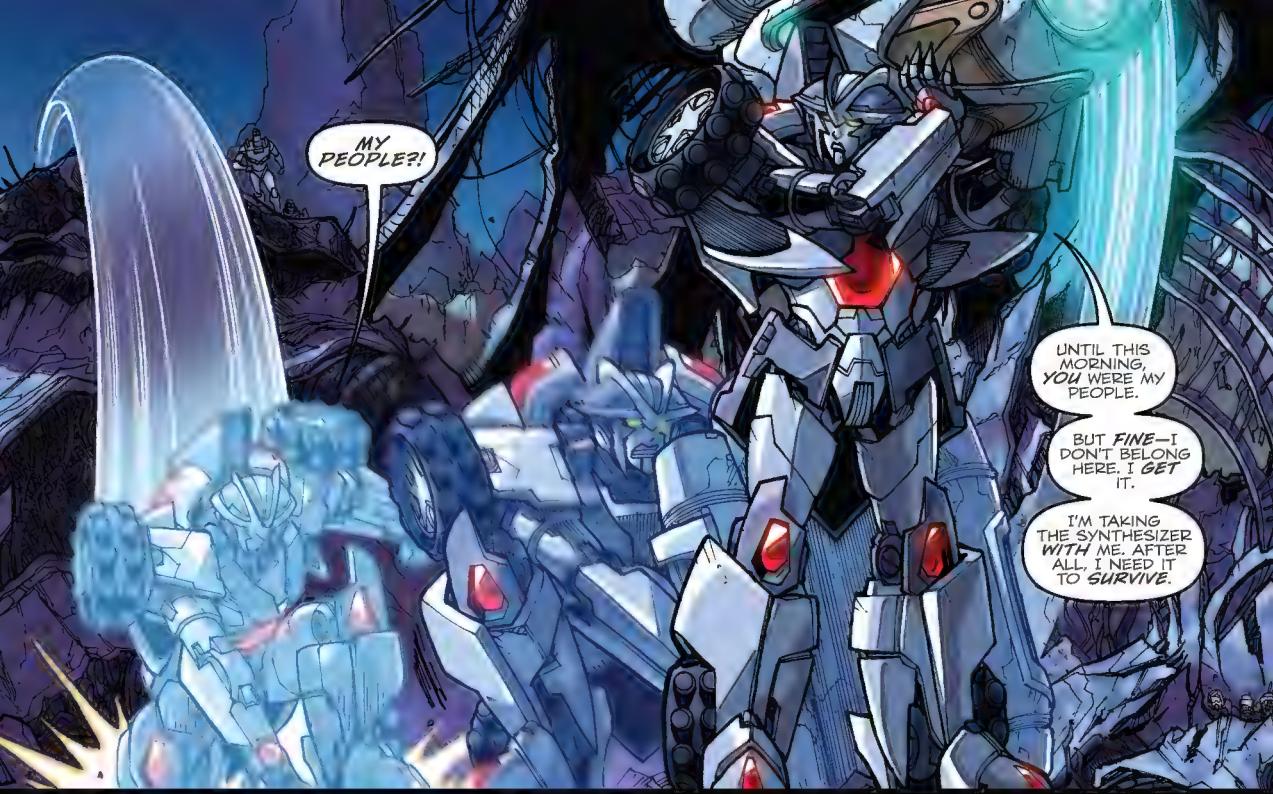


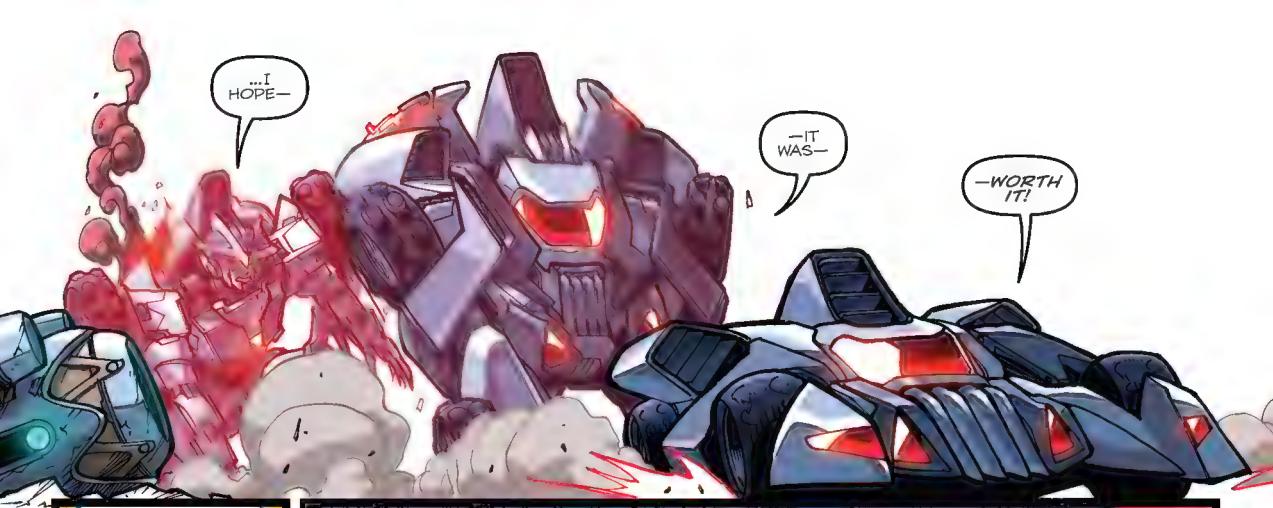


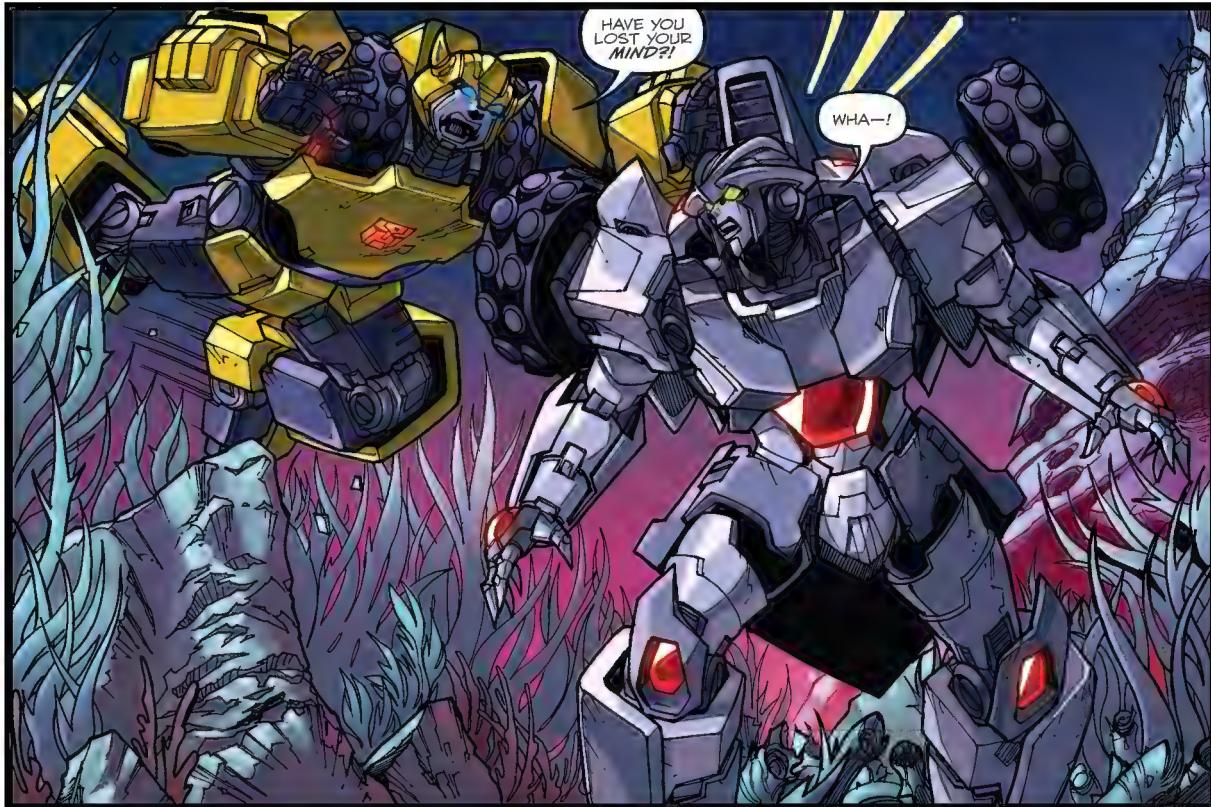


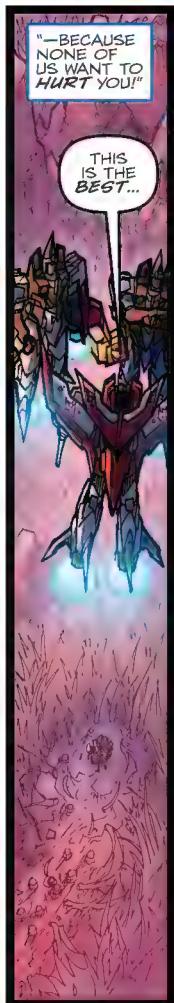


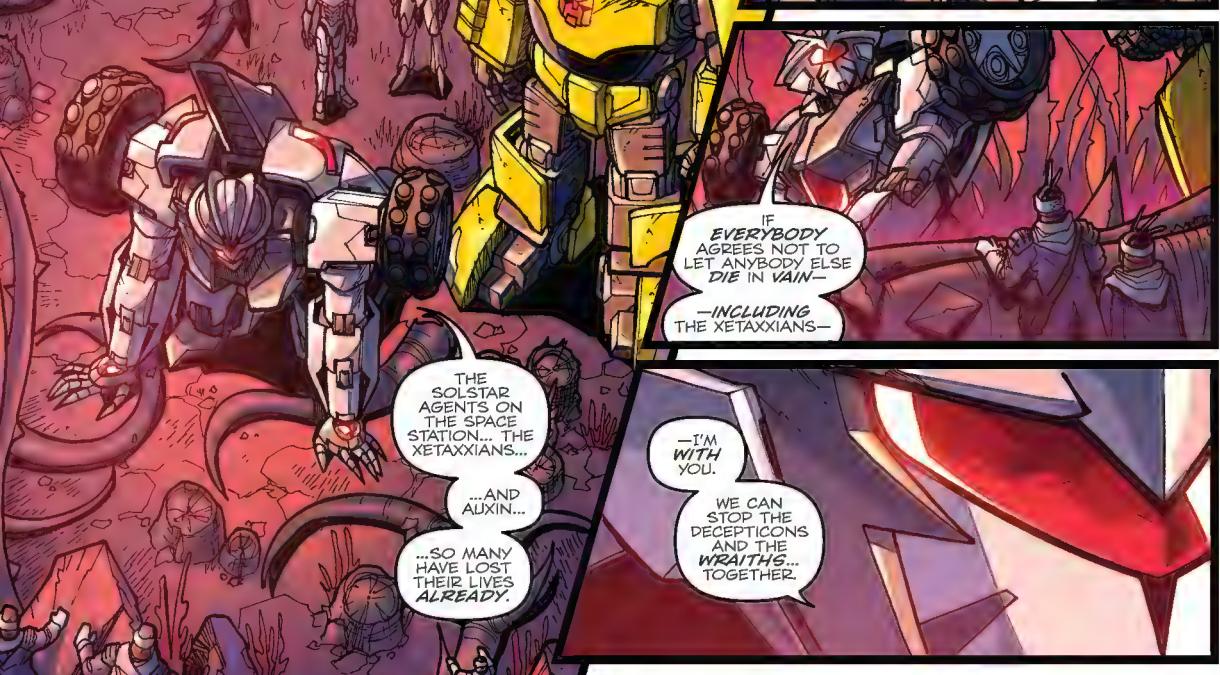






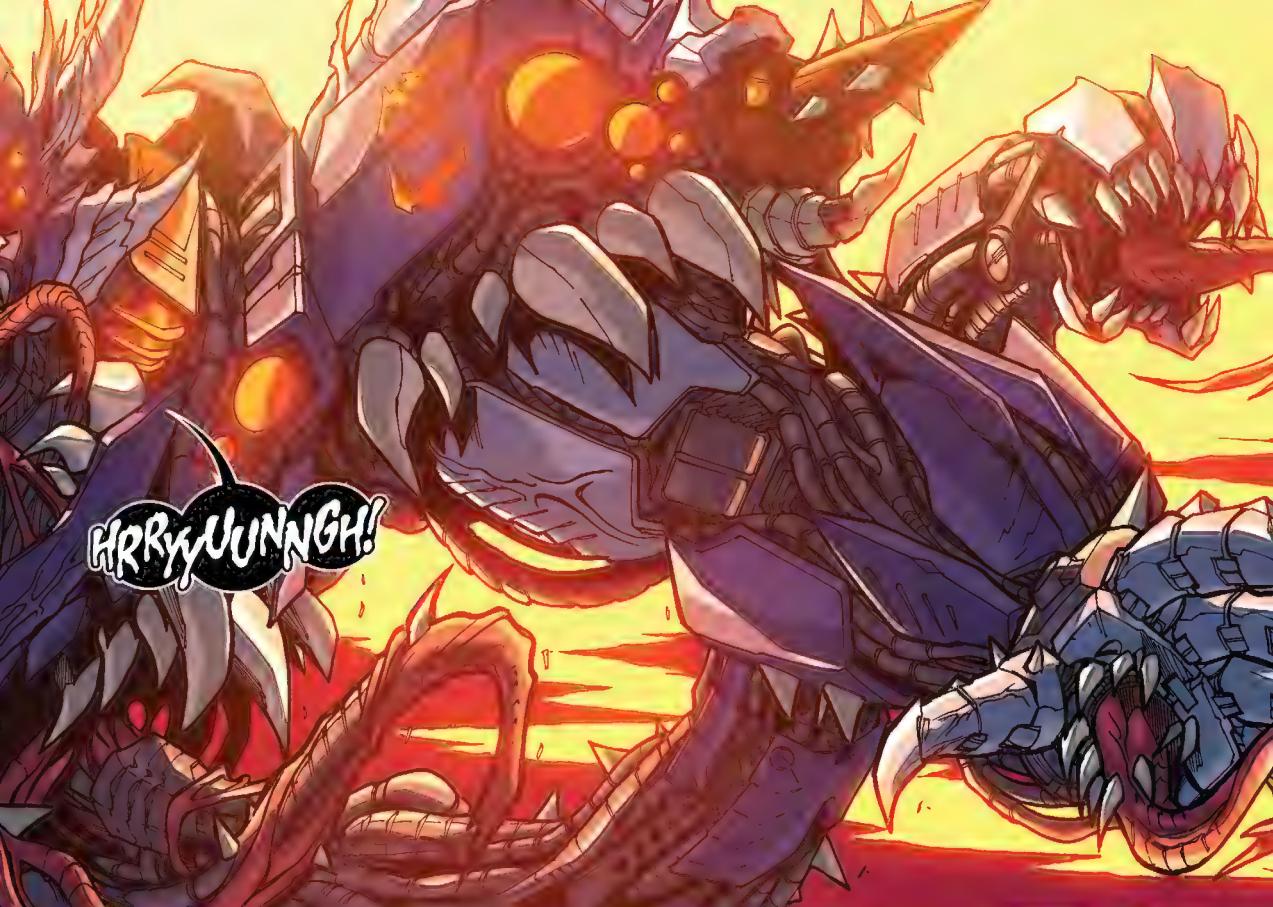










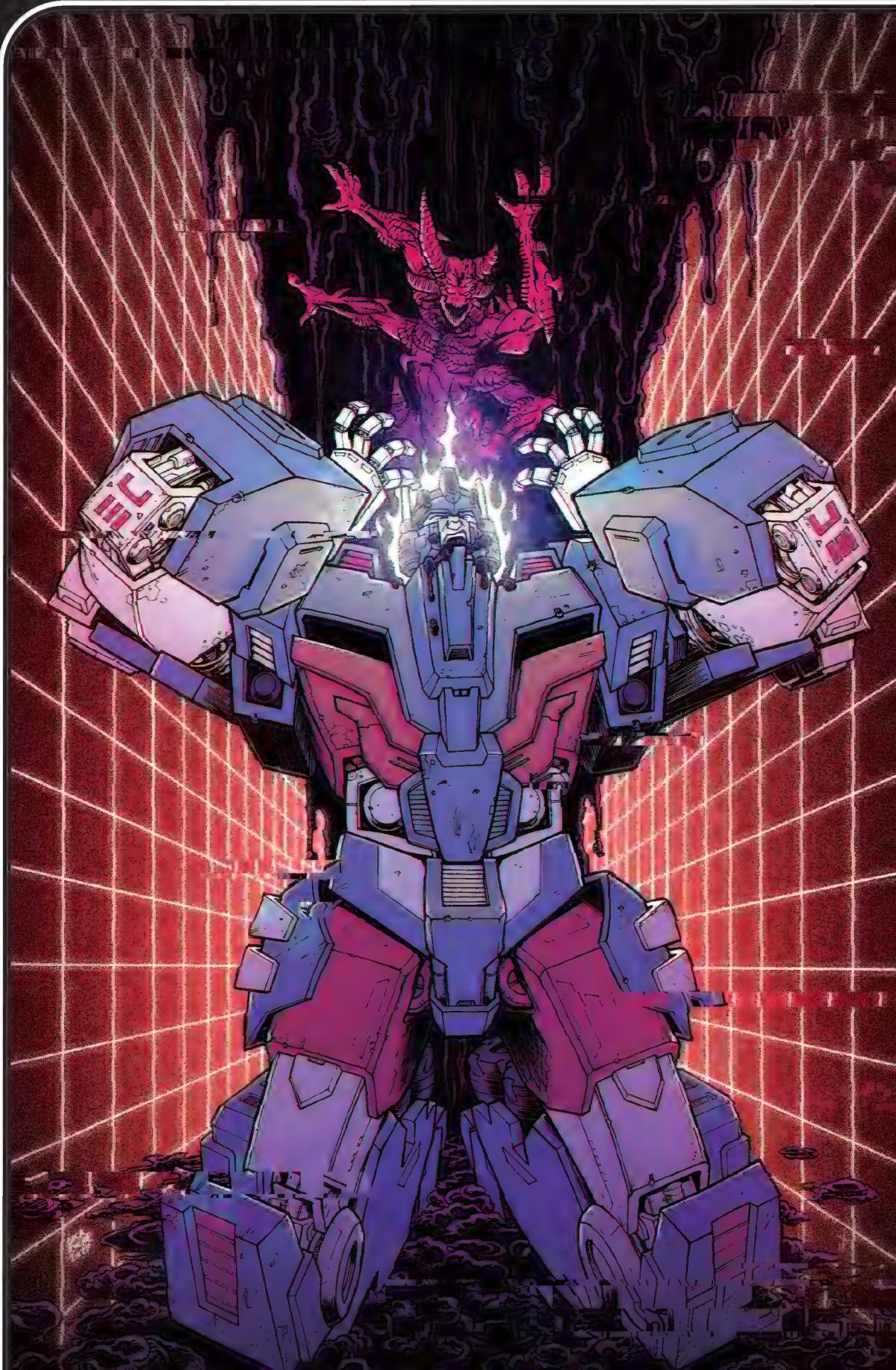








ART BY NICK ROCHE COLORING BY JOSH BURCHAM



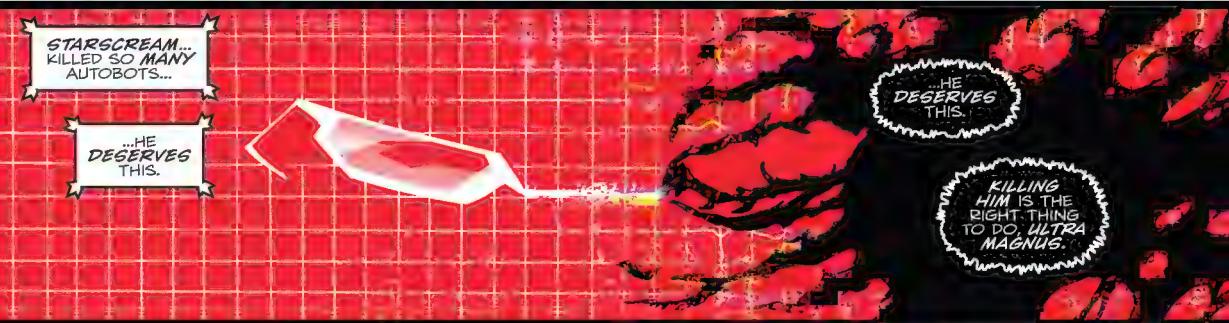
05 |

ART BY ALEX MILNE COLOR BY JOSH PEREZ



XETAXXIS.
THE EDGE OF SOLSTAR ORDER SPACE.

THEIR MINDS ARE MADE UP.



...IS WE'RE ALL THE SAME.

MRWUG!

AT ONE TIME,
THAT WOULD HAVE HURT ME, ROM—

—PERHAPS EVEN KILLED ME...

...BUT THINGS CHANGE.

THROUGH METAL AND BIOLOGY—

SCIENCE AND MAGIC...

...THE DIRE WRAITHS HAVE REACHED OUR NEXT STAGE OF EVOLUTION!

GAH!

YOU'RE EVEN WORSE THAN MAGNUS.

THE SAME. WHETHER STEEL COATED IN SKIN...

...OR FLESH COVERED BY ARMOR.

THAT WRAITH'S GOING TO TAKE OVER YOUR FRIEND.

HE'S NOT MY FRIEND, SATA—

—AND NEITHER ARE YOU.

WHAT?!

LET GO OF ME!

EXTEND YOUR BLADE AS FAR AS YOU CAN.

YOU'RE KIDDING.

I AM STARDRIVE.

SOLSTAR KNIGHT.

CYBERTRONIAN.

AND SICK TO DEATH OF BOTH THOSE THINGS.

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.









STARSCREAM!

PUT DOWN
THE ENERGON
SYNTHESIZER.

TOOK YOU
LONG ENOUGH,
STARDRIVE.

YOU TAKE
THE SCENIC
ROUTE?

JUST—JUST
SHUT UP FOR
TWO MINUTES.

MY NEUTRALIZER
MAY BE DESIGNED
TO KILL WRAITHS,
BUT IT'LL DO JUST
FINE AGAINST YOU.

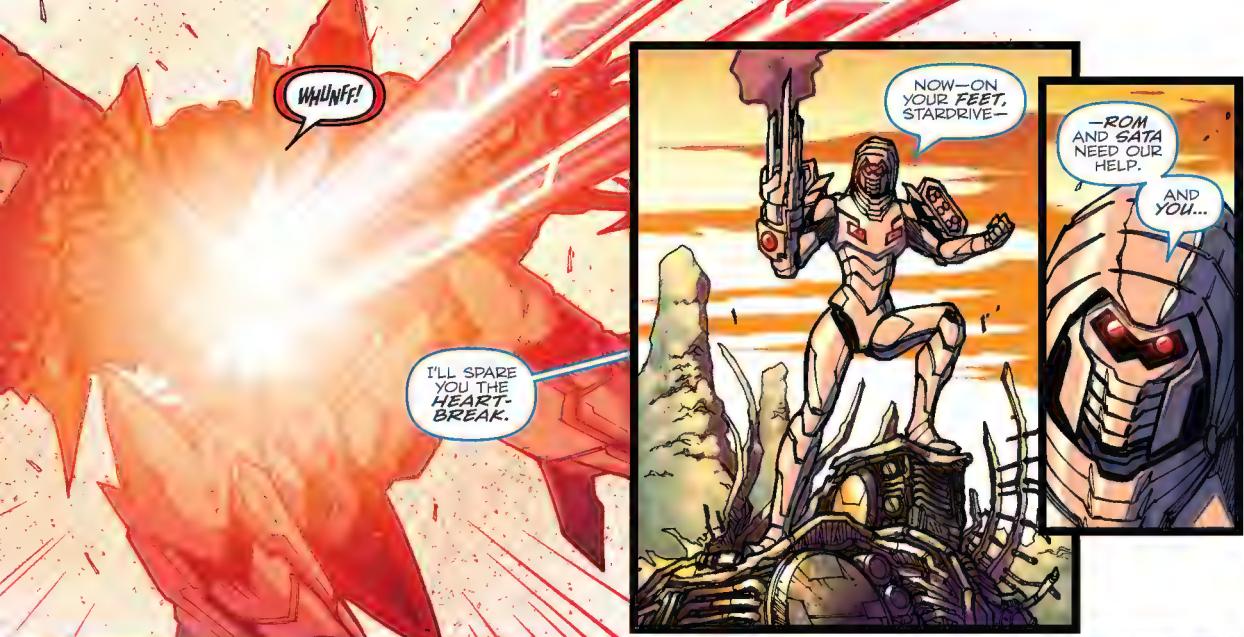
I DID,
DIDN'T I!

FZAT

GOOD THING
FOR ME I'M NOT
ALL TALK.

YOU ALREADY
PLAYED THAT
CARD.

IT IS A
PITY TO KILL
AN ODDY
LIKE YOU,
STARDRIVE.



YOU HEAR THAT?

HE THINKS
I CAN
BEAT YOU.

I STUDIED THE
CORPSE OF YOUR
DEAD FRIEND—THE
ONE MY SOLDIER
OVERTOOK.

I KNOW YOUR
KIND INSIDE
AND OUT.

THERE IS
SOMETHING
UNUSUAL ABOUT
YOU CYBER-
TRONIANS...

...BUT NOTHING I
CANNOT CONQUER.

UNUSUAL...?

OF COURSE.

HERE'S ONE
THING YOU DON'T
KNOW—HOW AN
ULTRA MAGNUS
IS BUILT.

I'M NOT LIKE OTHER
CYBERTRONIANS.

WHAT—
HOW—?!

AND I'M NOT
JUST WORTHY
OF THE BADGE—

—THE BADGE
MAKES ME
WHAT I AM!

DOOOO
!!!!T!

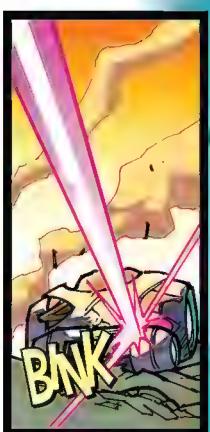
AT LAST—
THE OPENING
I'VE SOUGHT.

ROM—
DON'T!
THAT'S HIS
SPARK! IF YOU
KEEP SHOOTING,
YOU'LL KILL MAGNUS
ALONG WITH THE
WRAITH!
THERE
HAS TO BE
ANOTHER
WAY!

I WISH
THERE
WAS.

Noooooo!

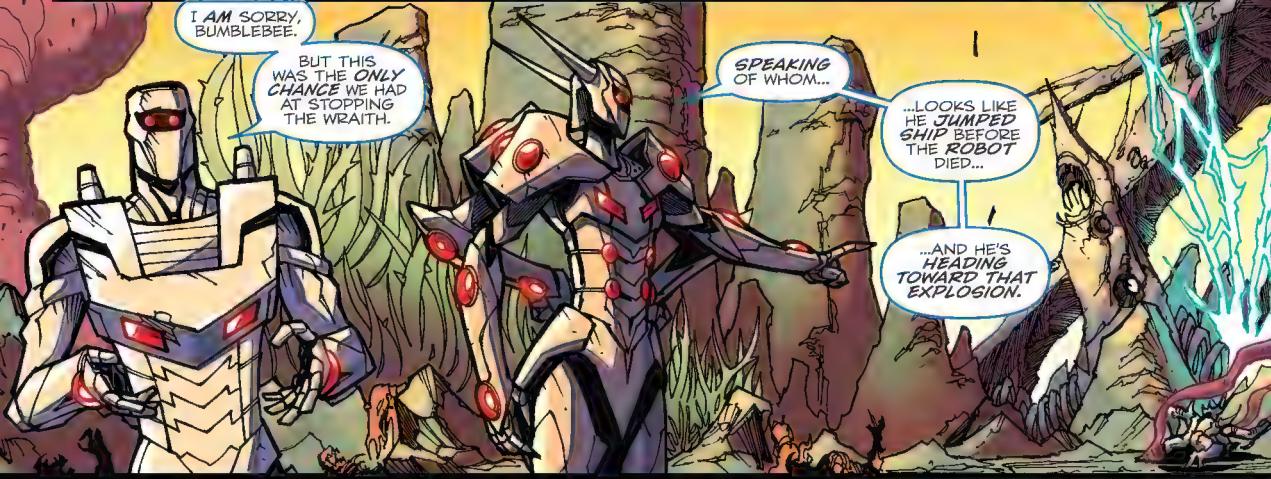






...WHAT IS THAT?

ANOTHER BODY?



IF I'D HAD TIME TO THINK...

...I'D HAVE LET IT FINISH ME.

IF I'D HAD TIME TO THINK,

REMEMBER,
CYBERTRONIAN
KNIGHT...

...YOU DID
THIS...

...YOUR KIND...

...BOTH OF Y-



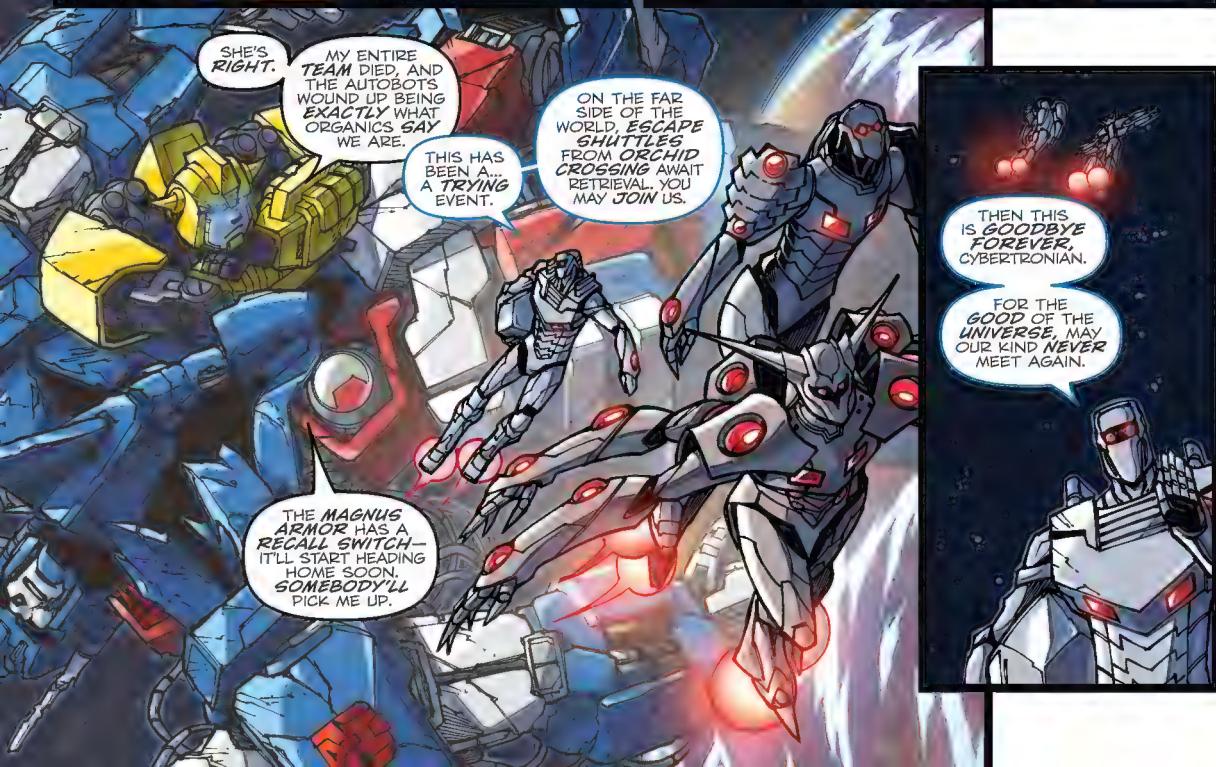
...NOT NOW.

NOT EVERY XETAXXIAN ON
THIS HEMISPHERE HAD BEEN
INFECTED BY WRAITHS.

...BETWEEN
THE GUILTY
AND THE
INNOCENT.

BUT THE BLAST DID
NOT DISCRIMINATE...

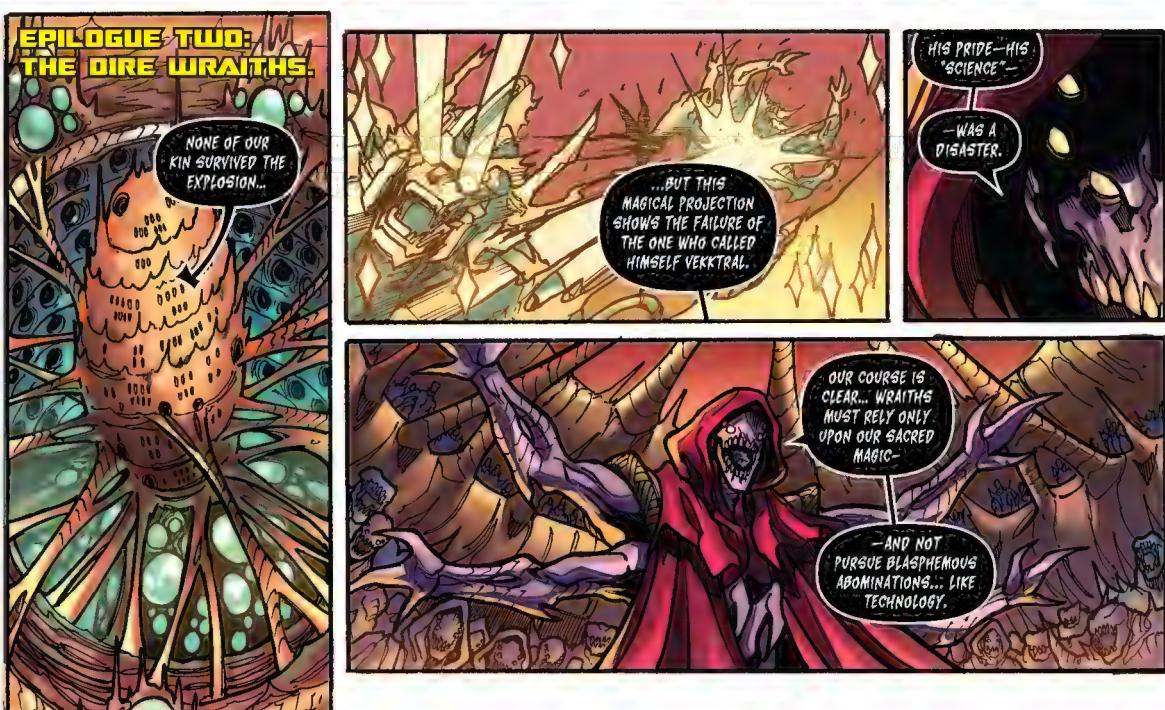




EPilogue One: The Decepticons.



EPilogue Two: The Dire Wraiths.



EPilogue Three: The Autobots.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE TRAGIC, SIR...

...BUT ULTRA MAGNUS DIED A HERO.

IT'S JUST THAT—DESPITE EVERYTHING HE AND SKY BLAST SACRIFICED... THE DECEPTICONS STILL DESTROYED ANOTHER CIVILIZATION.

MAGNUS... CONVOY... WAS A HERO.

IT IS FORTUNATE THAT HIS PRE-DECESSOR HAS AGREED TO RETURN AND WILL RECLAIM THE MANTLE OF ULTRA MAGNUS IN A MATTER OF DAYS.

BECAUSE THIS DEMONSTRATES THE NEED FOR VIGILANCE.

EVEN WITH THE BEST EFFORTS OF YOU AND YOUR TEAM, THE DECEPTICONS DESTROYED SO MUCH...

...AND THAT OLD FRIEND...

...IS WHY WE CONTINUE TO FIGHT THEM.

WE FIGHT...

...THEY FIGHT...

...WE'LL NEVER STOP...

...AND THEY...

...THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS.

GOODBYE, MAGNUS. IT'LL BE WEIRD HAVING BACK.

MASSIVE HE'S GROWN A SENSE OF HUMOR.

BUT CONVOY, BUDDY... WE WENT THROUGH A LOT.

I DIDN'T TELL OPTIMUS OR ANYBODY ABOUT THE SYNTHESIZER.

IF ANY CYBERTRONIAN KNEW ABOUT IT...

...WE'D PROBABLY PROVE THE SOLSTAR KNIGHTS WERE RIGHT ABOUT US.

EPILOGUE FOUR: THE SOLSTAR ORDER.

OUR ENVOYS—
AS WELL AS 48%
OF A PLANET—

WERE
OBLITERATED.

THIS WAS THE
WRAITH'S DOING,
AS WELL AS THE
CYBERTRONIANS.

THAT IS
PRECISELY MY
POINT. THE GALACTIC
COUNCIL HAS ENOUGH
PROBLEMS WITH GIANT
MECHANICAL CREATURES
THREATENING OUR
WORLDS.

WE HAVE NO
DESIRE TO BECOME
EMBROILED IN YOUR
WAR WITH THE DIRE
WRAITHS.

IF THEY ARE
FOOLISH ENOUGH
TO ENTER OUR
SPACE WE WILL DEAL
WITH THE WRAITHS
OURSELVES.

LIKewise,
SHOULD THE
SOLSTAR
ORDER
CROSS OUR
BORDERS...

DO NOT
THREATEN ME,
COUNCILOR.

YOUR ENEMIES,
THE DECEPTICONS,
DESTROYED A
VALUABLE SOLSTAR
STATION AND MUCH
OF ITS CREW.

WE HAVE FELT
THE STING OF
YOUR WAR...

IT
NEVER
ENDS...

...DOES
IT...?

SO, YOU
CADETS THINK
YOU HAVE WHAT
IT TAKES TO BE
KNIGHTS?

DEFATING WRAITHS
TAKES MORE THAN
NERVE, MORE THAN
BRAVERY.

IT TAKES
SACRIFICE.

THE
MOMENT YOU
DON A KNIGHT'S
ARMOR, THE
OLD YOU IS
ERASED...

...AND THE
KNIGHT IS
ALL THAT
REMAINS.

EPILOGUE FIVE: STAR DRIVE.

THEY WERE RIGHT
ABOUT ME.

THE ORGANICS;
THE MACHINES.
THEY KNEW
WHO I WAS.

I WAS BORN
INTO DEATH AND
DESTRUCTION.

AND WAR
BECAME
MY LIFE.

THEY DECIDED
WHO I WAS, SO
THEIR DECISION
SHAPED ME.

BUT NO MORE.

I AM ME.

STAR DRIVE.

NOT WHO
THEY SEE
ME AS.

NOT WHO THEY
THINK I AM.

BUT WHO I
CHOOSE
TO BE.

...I COULD BE MORE
THAN CYBERTRONIAN...

AND THE DAY
I REALIZED...

...MORE THAN A
SOLSTAR
KNIGHT...

...WAS THE DAY I
WAS REBORN.

E
N
D



ART BY PAOLO VILLANELLI COLOR BY ALESSANDRA ALEXAKIS



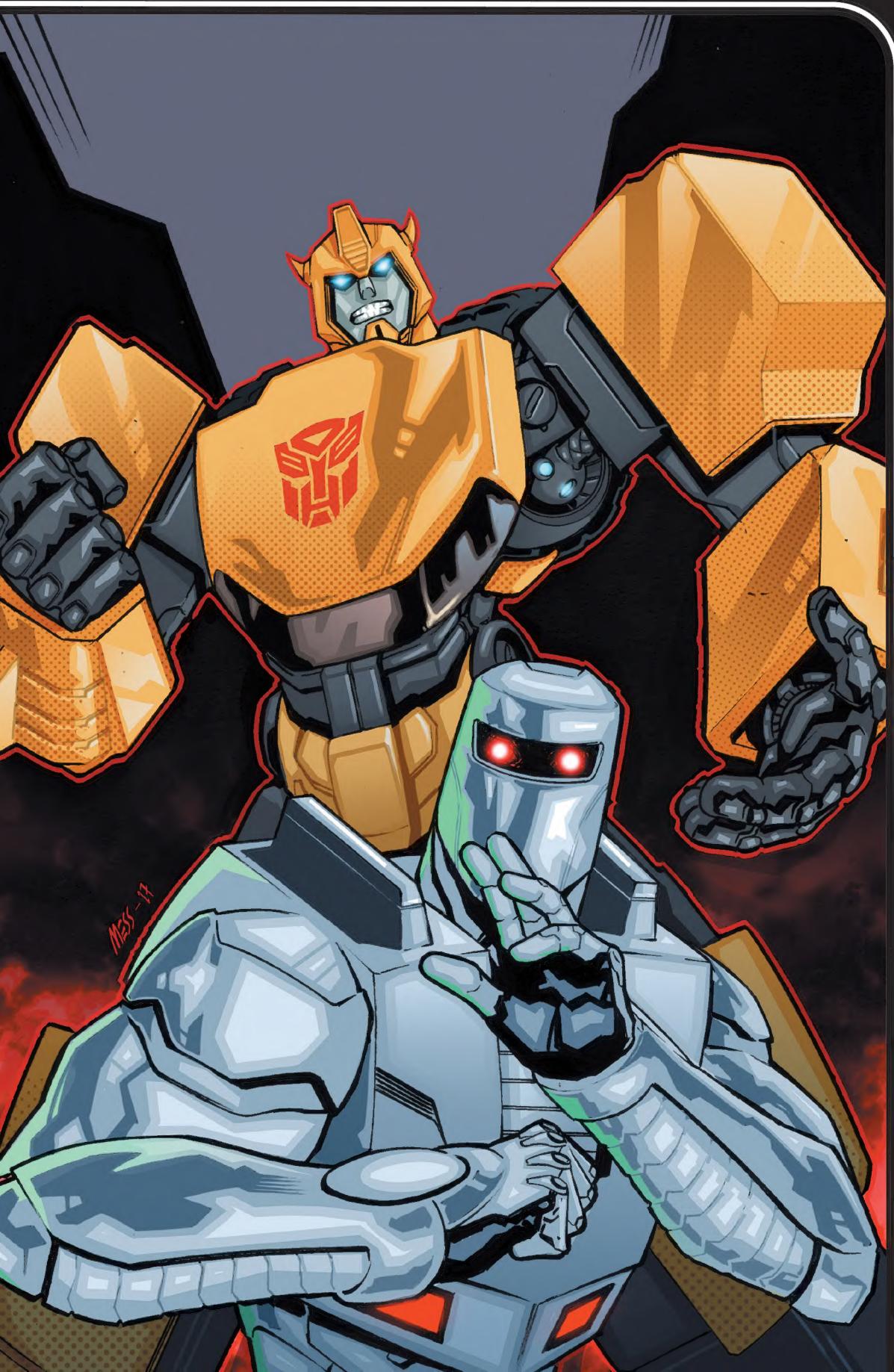


ART BY CASEY W. COLLER AND COLOR BY JOHN-PAUL BOVE





ART BY DAVID MESSINA





HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, ROM DISCOVERED STARDRIVE,

the sole survivor of a doomed space probe. Stardrive committed herself to protecting the galaxy from the Dire Wraiths... but when the Decepticon called Starscream makes a deadly deal, Rom and the TRANSFORMERS are forced into a collision course... with Stardrive caught between two worlds!

Written by **Christos Gage**
and **John Barber** with art
by **Alex Milne**.



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